

Mamamouchi,
OR THE
CITIZEN
TURN'D
Gentleman :

A
COMEDY
Acted at the
DUKE'S THEATRE.

By *Edw. Ravenscroft*. Gent.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the Corner of *Chancery Lane*,
over against the *Inner Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, 1675.

The Actors Names.

Men.

MR. *Jorden*, Formerly a Citizen, but now
sets up for a Gentleman.
Young *Jorden*, His Son, in love with *Marina*.
Mr. *Cleverwit*, In love with *Lucia*.
Sir *Simon Softhead*, A Country Knight.
Trickmore, } Two men of Intrigue.
Cureal, }

Mr. *Nokes*.

Mr. *Cademan*.

Mr. *Crosby*.

Mr. *Underhil*.

Mr. *Harris*.

Mr. *Sandford*.

Vallet de Chambre.

Maître Jaques, French Master to the Citizen.

Mr. *Angel*.

Women.

L*ucia*, Daughter to Mr. *Jorden*.
Marina, A young Lady.
Betty Trickmore, *Trickmore's* Sister,
her Woman.

Mrs. *Bitterton*.

Mrs. *Burroughs*.

Mrs. *Leigh*.

Musick and Dancing-Master.

Two *Chymists*.

Four *Operators*.

Two *Boys and a Woman*.

Turks, Singers, Dancers, Pages, Attendants, &c.

SCENE *London.*

T O

T O
H I S H I G H N E S S
Prince Rupert.

MY ambition of dedicating this to your Highness, proceeds not from the more than ordinary encouragement it receiv'd from you, when it appear'd on the Stage: tho' of thirty times it has been acted, you seldom failed to honour it with your presence. 'Twould be presumption in me to examine why you did it that Grace; and vain-glory to attribute it to the merits of the Play, since the best have not receiv'd the like honour.

Nor does the envy of Criticks force me to invoke your Princely Patronage; it were as vain to think the name of a Patron should shield it from their censures, as it would hinder the rude rable (if ingray'd on the Front of a house) from breaking the windows. The malice of these, and the rudeness of the others may lead 'em to do either, without convincing them they are guilty of any disrespect. And Criticks stand up as zealously for the liberty of their Tongues, as Fanaticks for liberty of Conscience; and rail as spitefully against Plays, as that perverse Generation does against Magistrates and Governours.

The third common pretence of Authors I likewise disown: I boast not of any particular favours received; blessings flow from Princes, as light does from the Sun, which shines on all at once. They oblige not *Persons*, but *Nations*: Of that great Virtue, *SIR*, you stand a glorious Example. You engag'd your self in our intestine dissensions: You was the Thunderbolt of War; the enemies where-ever you came, or fled or fell before you: You threw your self into the storm to save us; and when it had shipwrack'd the best of Monarchs, your Piety led you to exile with the Son: when his Country and Subjects forsook him, you did not; but with him shar'd the dangers and hardships of banishment, till Heaven (which laid the yoke of tyranny for punishment on our rebellious necks) was pleas'd to restore him to us, or rather us to our King. The Sun had been so long absent, could not be more welcome; with him like a train of glorious Lights, return'd the Royal Family, and not long after your Royal self; after you you drew a chain of Blessings, Freedom, Peace, Religion, Unity, which ever since we have enjoyed; What foes we have abroad; we need not fear, whilst we have your Counsel for Conduct, and your Sword for Execution. You still like

The Epistle Dedicatory.

England's Angel Guardian stand ready to defend it; and so long as we have either Memory or Gratitude, every tongue must speak your fame, and every heart dedicate it self to you as a Trophee, owing to your gallantry. What a noble stock of Virtue must you have, so entirely to captivate the hearts of a Nation; to which you was born a stranger! Who, when they hear your name, or see it here prefixt, will not repeat it, and say, You are the *Heroe* of the World; then in a transport run o'er your mighty Deeds and Actions, which make you famous above mankind in our present Annals, and will with excess of Glory bear your name to after Ages? How just an occasion have I here, to say all that can be said of man without danger of being thought a flatterer? But, Sir, were you less than what you are, I could say more: Now all is truth, nor can that truth be contain'd in an Epistle. And I know the perfect *Heroe* blushes as much at the narration of his Virtues, as the Lady exactly Beautiful at the Relation of her Perfections: Praise seems to lessen both, for 'tis thought we rather speak what they should be, than what they are. Virtue ought to find Imitators, and Beauty more Admirers than Commenders: Nor would I give the most malicious any ground to think you can be flatter'd; or that I hope by flattery and insinuation to make attonement for this presumption: your Virtues drew it on you; those Virtues which have so much oblig'd our Nation, engage all hearts to pay our thanks as tribute to you: Involv'd in the common fate, I take this occasion to attest my acknowledgments, and to beg your Highness to look upon this, not so much the Dedication of a Play, as of a Heart. That other Poets stand at an awful distance, argues not my rudeness but the greatness of my zeal, which prompts me to believe that the boldness of performing so great a Duty, is not a crime equal to the forbearance; and I shall accompt it my glory to have led the way, where others made a stand.

Your Highness's

Most humble and

Most obedient Servant,

Edward Ravenscroft.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Gallants you're so unconstant grown of late,
That Plays and Mistresses have the same fate;
For both with you grow quickly out of date.

Each with variety so taken is,
You'll see but once or the same Play or Misi.
Go on, we'll not your liberty retrench,
Like this for change, as you wou'd do a wench:
But know, when the translating vein is past,
That you must not expect new Plays so fast.
Then Wit and sence will come into request,
And something more than a vain Fop well dress'd.
The Taylor now in Plays makes the best jest.
And 'twill be time to check this full career
Of Plays, and All but two or three a year.
With plenty you are cloy'd, but when grown scarce,
You will esteem 'em more; and then a Farce
Will entertain you for a Moneth at least;
Not what is good, but scarce does make a Feast.
Then shall the Knight that had a knock in's Cradle,
Such as Sir Martin, or Sir Arthur Addle,
Be flock'd unto, as the great Heroes now
In Plays of Rhyme and Noyse with wond'rous show.
Then shall the House (to see these HeCtors kill and slay,
That bravely fight out the whole Plot of th' Play,)
Be for at least six Moneths full ev'ry day.

If beauty grows so scarce, your Misses too
Will find that you'll to them more constant grow.
Now the enjoy'd you slight; if you're inclin'd
To visit them, it is not to be kind.
You play the Criticks, you find fault and jeer,
And 'gainst your Mist are wittily severe;
As fain you'd be on Plays when you come here.
You like prejudicated Judges sit;
There Beauties faults you find, here those of Wit.
'Gainst both I've heard Women and Poets say,
No Critick is like him that ev'ry day
Sees a fresh Girl, and each Week a new Play.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE spoken at the *Middle-Temple*.

O *Ur Author thinks 'tis not in vain to sue*
For pardon here, for he is one of you ;
And hopes he has some little int'rest here ;
But yet his hope is not quite void of fear :
For by the grave it may objected be,
Who can at once mind Law and Poetry ?
But this he bid me say in his excuse,
A fortnights sickness did this Play produce ;
His sickness was the Bawd unto his Muse. }
If after that he spent some idle time
In courting her, he hopes 'twas no great crime.
Fortune has punish'd him ; for like a *Whore*
She lays the Brat e'en at his Chamber-door ; }
The common'st Wench i'th' Town could do no more.
The Father owns the Child, which none of you
His fellow Students ever yet would do ;
Tho' in Hand-baskets the poor fools did ly,
And at your stair-case feet for succour cry.
For them——
He does his yearly contribution pay ;
Therefore be kind to his but this one day :
For its relief you need not draw your purse,
Give it good words, and this shall back to Nurse.

Mamamouchi,

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OR THE

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Gentleman, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain draws up and discovers the Musick Master sitting at a Table surrounded by Musicians Composing, the Dancing Master and Dancers practising steps on each side of the Stage.

Enter Mr. Jorden in a Morning-Gown, Jaques, Foot-boy.

Jord. O, so, Gentlemen, I see you are at it, come let's have a sight of your little Droll.

Mus. Mast. How, Sir, our Droll?

Jord. Eh, your what do you call't, your Prologue of Song and Dance. *Danc. Mast.* Ah, ah, ah.

Mus. Mast. Our Dialogue you mean, well 'tis ready.

Jord. I have made you stay a little too long, but as I am a Gentleman, and as I hope to be a Knight, (mark that, for so I mean to be once in my life) my Taylor was in fault.

Danc. Master. We wait your leisure with a great deal of willingness.

Jord. He brought home this Indian Gown, Cap, and Slippers, —how do you like 'em? *Mus. Mast.* Extremely well.

Danc. Mast. You appear very graceful. *Jord.* So, so, Jack—3oy.

Say.

Boy. Here, Sir; what would you please to have?

Jord. Nothing, I called to see if you be diligent in your attendance: how do you like my livery?

Mus. Mast. Very fine and noble. *Jord.* Jack?

Jaq. Who do he speak to? *Boy.* To you.

Jaq. Begar den let him call me be me name, me be no shauck.

Jord. Jack, come hither Jack,

Jaq. Shauck, me be no shauck, call your Englishman shauck, me be called Maitre Jaques. *Jord.* Master Jack come hither.

Jaq. Ho, ho, dat be ver well, here be your tres humble, and tres obeisant vallet.

Jord. Hold back my Gown, and you, Sarrah, hold back the other side,—so, see Gentlemen, here is a little loose morning garb, does it please you?

Mus. Mast. Wonderfully. *Danc. Mast.* Neat and Gentile.

Jord. Stay, pull it off, that they may view me round—How do you like me from top to toe? *Mus. Mast.* Your habit is worthy admiration.

Danc. Mast. Gallant from head to foot.

Jord. My Suit will come home by and by, that will be fine indeed.

Danc. Mast. The ceremony requires it.

Jord. Ha, you mean my Daughter's wedding, but know there is more in the wind than so: this day I am to begin to court a Mistress, a Knight's Daughter, I'll assure you.

Mus. Mast. And all our preparations are for her entertainment.

Jord. And to render my self more acceptable, I have required your helps to make me an accomplish'd Gentleman; if singing and dancing won't win her, the Devil's in her,—Well, I'll see your Dance rehearsed; but first let me hear the Song.

S O N G.

*I sigh all the Night, and I languish all Day,
And much to be pitty'd I am:*

*E'er since your bright eyes, my heart did surprise
I could not extinguish the flame:*

*But you, since y'ave known my heart was your own,
Tho' before you was kind, now scornful are grown:
If so cruel you prove*

To the man that you love;

*Al Phyllis! Al! Phyllis, what fate
Have you in reserve for the wretch that you hate?*

Danc. Mast. Mus. Mast. Very well.

Jord.

Jord. But methinks this Song is a little too doubtful, and enough to put a woman into the dumps, if she have any kindness for me.

Mus. Mast. 'Tis a delicate Air, and the words are not amiss.

Jord. I learnt a very pretty one t'other day of a Friend; stay, how begins it? *Mus. Mast.* Nay, I know not.

Jord. There is something of Mutton in it. *Danc. Mast.* Mutton?

Jord. Yes,—oh, no, no, no, 'twas Lamb—ah—I have it. [*He sings.*]

S O N G.

*My Mistress is as kind as fair,
My Mistress is as kind as fair,
And as gentle as Lambs are;
And yet alas, alas, ah lass,
Sometimes to me
She'l as cruel be,
As in the Wood fierce Wolves and Tygers are.*

Is it not very sprightly? *Mus. Mast.* As can be.

Danc. Master. And you humour it well.

Jord. Well, now for my dancing, and because the Morning is far spent, I will only practise over the Minuet: Ah, of all Dances that pleases me most.

Danc. Mast. Come, Sir, begin; your hat, Sir, so now your honour:
La, la, fa, la, la, fa, la, la (bis) [*Dances aukerdly.*
not too fast, la, la, la, la, keep your leg straight, la, la, la, don't hunch
up your shoulders so; la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, you carry your arms as if
they were broken, la, la, la, la, la, hold up your head, keep your toes
out, la, la, la, don't loll out your tongue, la, la, la, and make such faces,
la, la, la, la, as if you were on the close-stool, la, la, la, &c. so, so.

Jord. Euh! *Mus. Mast.* Very well.

Danc. Mast. I hope to get credit by him.

Mus. Mast. Money you mean: Well Mr. *Jorden*, it is not enough to proceed thus alone, but you would do well once a week to have a Mulick Club at your house, and play and sing in consort, it will much benefit you. *Jord.* And so I will, now you put me in mind on't.

Danc. Mast. And once a fortnight a Ball, you will have the whole Court with you, and all the fine Ladies of the Town.

Mus. Mast. 'Twill make you known at Court.

Danc. Mast. And familiar with Noblemen: a Gentleman is known by what company he keeps.

Jord. You advise well, sweet-hearts; but are you perfect at your Dialogue and Dance? *Mus. Mast.* We intend you shall see it perform'd.

Jord. No; 'tis too late now: look they be perfect against dinner, and I am satisfied. *Danc. Mast.* I'll warrant the Dancers.

Mus. Mast. And I'll ingage for the Musick.

Jord. Well, your servant; stay, shew me with what reverence I ought to accost my Mistress, 'twill be the next thing I shall have need of.

Danc. Mast. To do it with respect, you must first draw your leg behind you and bow, then march up towards her with three Congees forward, and at the last you bow so low as to kiss her hand; try it once over:—Very well; your servant. [*Mus. Mast. Danc. Mast. Exeunt.*]

Jord. Your servant.—Come now to my French Lesson.

Mr. Jaq. Vell, Sir, have you got te Catalogue of te French words, me give you in your memoire?

Jord. Yes, and I find I can bring 'em all in, in discourse with my Mistress; tho I can't talk French to her, 'twill be next to't, she'll think I can.

Jaq. 'Tis be me invention, and judge Maitre *Jorden*, if it be no ver rational bevore me teach you te rules, you be inure to our language, by making it as it vere your own.

Jord. Nay, I think to make it our own is a very ready way to learn it.

Jaq. And 'tis course vill ver much refine te English Language: If you observe all Travellers give te ver many littil graces to their discourse vith te tang of te French, you shall no hear speak one sentence without *Bon mein, j'aunté devoir, effort, &c.*

Jord. I have observ'd it. But to our Lesson, I am in haste.

Jaq. Now proceed we to teach you te right pronounciation of te Vowels, because of Letters tey be te theif, and no word is, or can be without one or more of tem.

Jord. Vowels, why are there any Vowels in our Alphabet?

Jaq. Yes, Sir, te number be fife, and te same vith yours, these be they, A, E, I, O, U. A be pronounce like a, u, au; As for Example in some English words, *all, fall*, and no as in *ale, stale*. *Jord.* A, au.

Jaq. Right, A opening strongly your mouth, and drawing your jaws vide afunder. *Jord.* Au, right.

Jaq. E, is pronounce by heaving te neather jaw to te upper, A, E:

Jord. E, A, E, E, directly.

Jaq. I be pronounce not as your English man do Latin, *Qui mibi*, but more like to te second Vowel E; and is form by drawing your jaws yet more near den bevore, and drawing the two corners of your mouth to te ears, A, E, I.

Jord. A, E, I, I, I; Dad, 'tis true, may Learning flourish.

Jaq. O is form by opening te jaws, closing te lips at the two corner, and opening tem in te middle, O.

Jord. Let me see that again. *Jaq.* O, O,

Jord.

Jord. Right, O, O, O, nothing more true, A, E, I, O, O, I, O; ah, 'tis admirable.

Jaq. Te opening of te mouth is a little round representing one O.

Jord. What a fine thing is knowledge !

Jaq. U be form by approachsing te teet vithout quite joyning them ; trutting your lips at full length from your face , approaching also one te oder vithout closing, and tis Vowel requires te strongest and te freest expiration of your breat of any Letter whatsoere. *Jord.* U, U.

Jaq. Not as you pronounce it, like *Tou*, more like *Eu, u*, vith a long breating out of our breat. *Jord.* Like *Eu, u*.

Jaq. Right, *u*, as if you made a mouth to mock somebody. To morrow, Sir, we'll proceed to te Diphthongs which be eleven , and te next day we'll mannage te Consonants.

Jord. Consonants ? *Jaq.* Tey are te other Letters.

Jord. I shall make a shift to learn 'm all at once , I am pretty apt because I bend my mind to't. *Jaq.* Nothing is hard to a villing mind.

Jord. But how many did you say the five Vowels were ?

Jaq. You nam'd te number, fife, Sir, fife.

Jord. Right, the five Vowels are five, I'll note that down in my Table-Book : numbers are the worst things can be trusted to my memory. A Lady at Court yesterday morning asked me how many the ten Commandements were , and I protest I had forgot : I have noted this next to that. *Jaq.* Tings ve no oft tink of soon run out of te brain.

Jord. Well , what is a good expression to break ones mind to a Lady, and to let her know I love her ? *Jaq.* Be you in love den Maître ?

Jord. Yes. *Jaq.* Vith whom ?

Jord. Truly I have never yet seen her, but I shall anon.

Jaq. Vell, Sir, vou'd you have te expression in Prose or in te Verse ?

Jord. Not in Verse. *Jaq.* In Prose den ?

Jord. No, nor in Prose : I would have it neither in Prose nor Verse.

Jaq. Jerne, it must be in one or te oder.

Jord. Why so, if I won't have it so ?

Jaq. Because, Sir, all expression be in te one or te oter.

Jord. What have we nothing but Prose and Verse ? What a mad Language is ours ? I'll learn French so much the sooner for't.

Jaq. Dat be te same in all Languages, dat vich is no Prose is Verse, and dat vich is no Verse is Prose.

Jord. What is it we talk now ? *Jaq.* Prose.

Jord. Well, if I say to my Mistress, Fair Lady, the lustre of your fair eyes do wound my heart.

Jaq. Dat be te Prose : you may add, and their bright flame has burnt it to a Cinder. *Jord.* Well, I'll study a Speech, I warrant you.

Enter Boy.

Boy. The Taylor, Sir, has sent your suit home again.

Jord. Ah, the shoulder-knot stands right now: go fetch my Sword and Belt, my Hat and Periwig, that I may dress me presently. [*Exit Boy.*]

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Sir, Here's a servant sent to you from the next house, to inform you that there are some persons sick, and to desire they may not be disturbed with your Musick.

Jord. The Musick has been gone a good while.

Luc. The Neighbours say 'tis fitter for you to exercise your Musick, Dancing and Fencing in the Schools.

Jord. A company of Fools, they'll teach a Gentleman what to do, will they?

Luc. Your gentility is troublesome to the whole Neighbourhood: they have often complain'd of the disturbance you make with Musick, Dancing and Fencing.

Jord. Pish, a man shan't learn good breeding for them I warrant you, 'tis a sign they want it, they are so rude to talk so: What's a Gentleman but his liberty?

Luc. Every body much wonders what you mean by learning to dance at these years.

Jord. It's a greater wonder they are not so wise as to know, 'tis never too late to learn.

Luc. And to speak French. *Jord.* It is altogether spoke at Court.

Luc. The Court, Sir, is no fit place for you, nor you no fit man for it.

Jord. I not fit for the Court! I was born a Courtier, only I was spoil'd in the bringing up.

Luc. My Grand-father, Sir, brought you up in his own way:

Jord. Your Grand-father! alas poor old silly Citty, I cannot but laugh to think what an Aufe he was to imagine that I would stand sneaking in my Shop all my life with my Cap in my hand, crying, What do you lack, Gentlemen, choice of good Silks: I'd have you to know *Lucia*, I have no such Mechanick Spirit in me. Now he is dead, I defy *Pater-Noster-Rom*, and all within my Lord Mayor's Jurisdiction.

Luc. My Grand-father, Sir, was held a wise man.

Jord. A wise man, and an Alderman, ha, ha, ha. A rich man you mean. *Luc.* No, Sir, I mean a wise man.

Jord. Alas, *Luce*, you are a Fool, you know not what you say.

Luc. Very well. *Jord.* Very well! ha, ha, ha, why, what is it you say?

Luc. That the Court——

Jord. I speak not now of the Court, I ask, if you know, what it is you say? *Luc.* And I tell you, Sir, I say that the Court——

Jord. Pish, the Girl's a Fool; I say again I talk not now of the Court,

Court, but ask you if you know what this is you speak to me and I to you? *Luc.* What is it? 'tis English. *Jord.* True, but what else?

Luc. Nothing else, 'tis every word English.

Jord. Was there ever such a dunce? What are these words?

Luc. What are these words? *Jord.* Yes: What?

Luc. Letters make Syllables, Syllables Words, Words Sentences, and Sentences a Discourse. *Jord.* And is this all you know? *Luc.* Yes.

Jord. God help your head, what a fine fellow shou'd I be, were I as ignorant as your self.

Luc. Where lies my ignorance? What was it I said, say you?

Jord. 'Twas Prose you Fool. *Luc.* Prose!

Jord. Yes Prose, all that is Prose is not Verse, and all that is Verse is not Prose: La you there now: Do you know what it is you do, when you say *U*? *Luc.* I say *U*.

Jord. Pish—but what do you do then? Come, say *U*.

Luc. Well Sir, *U*. *Jord.* Well; what did you do then?

Luc. I did as you bid me.

Jord. Invincible stupidity; you open'd your mouth, thrust your lips out at length forward, let your under jaw fall almost to meet the upper, and strongly sent out your breath—*U*—see there—*U*—as it were make a mouth at one—*U*—I cou'd puzzle you too, with asking you how many the five Vowels are, and tell you as much of every one of them—this 'tis to be a *Vertoso*.—Hah—this Fencing-master comes not yet—Boy, run toth' door, and when you see him coming, bring me word.
Boy Exit.

Luc. These Exercises of fencing and dancing in my opinion were fitter for my Brother, he is not above twenty years old.

Jord. Your Brother—puh—he can ne'r be a Gentleman. I was born a Citizen my self, and his Mother was a Citizen born, he was not allyed to gentility on either side, forty or fifty pounds a year will maintain him in his native quality—but for you Daughter, because you are a Gentlewoman by your Mothers side, I have provided better; you shall be married to the *Suffolk* Knight that will be here anon; the Articles of Marriage are agreed upon by your Uncle who is his Towns-man. The Writings are already drawn and sent up with the settlement of your Joynture, and provision for younger Children; if he comes time enough you shall be married to day. *Luc.* To day!

Jord. Yes, to day, for I long to have a Gentleman, and a Knight for my Son-in-Law. *Luc.* I have no ambition to be a Lady.

Jord. I have. *Luc.* Marry him your self then.

Jord. If you anger me, I'll make you a Dutcheß, a Countess at least.

Luc. Truly I have no mind. *Jord.* Truly I have a mind.

Luc. I would not marry yet. *Jord.* Yet you shall marry.

Luc

Luc. Not Sir *Simon*. *Jord.* Yes Sir *Simon*. *Luc.* He is a Fool, Father.

Jord. Therefore you are a worse Fool if you refuse him.

Luc. If I marry I'll have none but master *Cleverwit*.

Jord. But Master *Cleverwit* will have none of you.

Luc. Will you stand to that? Shall I have him if he'll have me?

Jord. Yes, if you'll marry Sir *Simon*, if he refuses you. *Luc.* Agreed.

Enter Cleverwit.

Jord. Oh! here he comes to our purpose. Master *Cleverwit*, do you love my Daughter? *Clev.* I did once Sir.

Jord. Wou'd you have her still?

Clev. You discharged me, and I would not do her that wrong, (since you have provided a Knight, and a richer man for her Husband) to be her hinderance. *Jord.* La you there; I told you so. *Luc.* False man!

Clev. Besides, Sir, you know I told you I have engag'd my self elsewhere. *Luc.* Oh Heavens! am I then forsaken?

Jord. Yes indeed, Sir *Simon* will down with you anon as much a Fool as he is.

Clev. Besides, I have so entire a friendship for you, that did I love her still as once I did, I wou'd refuse her tho' you wou'd double her portion, and say take her, if you did not judge it convenient.

Jord. I know you are a worthy Person, and my good Friend; and truly Sir, had you not told me your Father was not a Gentleman, but a Citizen, you should have had her before any man. *Clev.* I thank you Sir.

Jord. Now Master *Cleverwit* pray be you Judge; ought not my Daughter to marry Sir *Simon*?

Clev. Without doubt: he is a Knight? *Jord.* Yes Sir.

Clev. He is a Fool too?

Jord. A little shallow my Brother writes me word, but that is a blot in many a Knights Escutcheon.

Clev. So much the better for her. *Jord.* Aye Sir, as how?

Clev. She that weds a Fool, marries her self to his Estate—(she'll have all, do all, dispose of all, and rule the roost as long as she lives.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, there is one without would speak with you.

Jord. I will be with you again presently, in the mean time pray take some pains with the Baggage, you have powerful reasons, and can persuade.

Clev. I'll labour to serve you—but my self first———[*aside.*]

[*Jord.* and *Boy* *Exeunt.*]

Luc. Perfidious Man! is it thus you treat a Maid that loved you? Was it not crime enough to be unconstant to deprive me of your self, but to condemn me with your own mouth to marry one I ne'r can love?

Clev. Ah *Lucia*!

Luc.

Luc. Nothing but this proof of your hatred can dispossess my heart of Love. But I will dye rather than let it return tho' you'd be constant.

Clev. Now is the time to tell you——

Luc. No, to make the wound mortal, I will hear no cause of your infidelity, nor can you have a just pretence: farewell, farewell.

Clev. *Lucia* stay. *Luc.* Why do you hold me?

Clev. Hear me, speak, or if you needs will go, go undeceiv'd.

Luc. Speak then what you would say in as few words as you can.

Clev. My inconstancy, dearest *Lucia*, was but feigned, and a disguise to carry on a Plot laid to divert your expected Lover, and preserve you mine.

Luc. You maintain'd your Rivals Cause, and sooth'd my Father in his injustice.

Clev. I have, ere since I heard the news of your new Lover, prepar'd him for this revolt: long since I declar'd to him I was engag'd to another, and showed this compliance, that he might not suspect fire hid under the ashes.

Luc. If this be true, make use of these few minutes to inform me what inventions you have fram'd to divert this unlucky marriage?

Clev. Be not inquisitive to know what tricks we mean to play; you shall as in Comedies have the divertisement of the surprise; let it suffice to tell you, *Trickmore* is the main engine. I sent him last night to stay at the Inn where the Coach lies, to take a strict view of him and his Retinue, and to make as great a discovery of our Knight Errant as he can, that we may the better know how to manage him.

Luc. My Father returns——

Enter Jordan.

Clev. A Daughters reputation is safe no longer than her obedience continues, and a Daughter ought not to regard whether her Husband be handsome or wise, when a Parent commands: Riches, and Gentility are above Youth and Beauty, they fade in the marriage-bed, the other accompany you to the Grave, and descend to Posterity.

Jord. Oh Sir, you are a good man, you speak admirable things.

Clev. Sir, I have almost prevailed, and she will be brought with a little more counsel to obey you.

Jord. How happy is our Family in such a Friend, how pleas'd I am you give me hopes I shall see my Daughter a Lady to night, and that I shall have a Knight for my Son-in-Law.

Clev. But can it be to night?

Enter a Boy and T. Trickmore in disguise.

Jord. Yes, Sir *Simon* arrived late last night, and sent me word just now, that he will be here within this hour, or a little more, but I'll immediately take Coach and go to him, for I am impatient to see my Son-in-Law.

Clev.

Clev. Sir *Simon* arrived, and no News from *Trickmore* yet? [*Aside.*

Boy. Sir, here is one come from your Fencing-master to speak with you. *Trick.* Sir, are you Master *Jorden*?

Jord. Yes Sir. I am Master *Jorden*.

Trick. Your Fencing-Master is sick, very sick, and cannot come to day, but has sent me in's place to give you a Lesson.

Jord. Well, now I don't know whether 'tis best to go or stay.

Clev. Oh stay Sir by all means, now the man is come.

Trick. Sir, if you please to stay, you shall learn more in one half quarter of an hour, than e're you yet learnt in your whole life.

Clev. There's encouragement.

Trick. I'll show you a trick to undo all you fence with.

Jord. Say you so, come then—Boy take my Gown.

Clev. Sir, we'll take a Walk in the Garden; with a little more pains, I shall perfect her obedience.

Jord. Your servant Sir, — *Lucy*, you'l remember to go to Mistress *Manira* at the time appoiated, and wait on her hither. *Luc.* Yes Sir.

Jord. And when you go, present her with this Ring as a Token of my Love. [*Clev. Luc. Exeunt.*

| *Trickmore throws off his Cloak and appears accouter'd like a Fencing-Master, with Foiles under his Arm.*

Trick. Come Sir, your reverence—Your body straight, let your body lay a little more stress on your left thigh, your legs not so straddling, your feet in a direct line, your wrist joint opposite to your hip, the point of your Sword over against your shoulder, your arm not so much extended, your left hand in level with your eye, your left shoulder more turn'd, your head upright, your eye fixed,—Advance. Your body steady; one, two, as you were, redouble, your foot fix'd, a leap back—When you make a thrust you must let your sword move before your body: One, two; come Sir, take me in tierce, home, home, advance, your body steady, advance, thrust: one, two, as you were, redouble, a leap back, to your guard Sir, to your guard.

Jord. Euh, euh—— | *Trick. hits him 2 or 3 pushes with his foile, as well now for the trick——* | *be cries to your guard.*

Trick. Sir, it is too rare to show to every one, if you please let the Boy depart the room, your man may stay, but he must swear secrecie.

Jord. Do you hear?—

Jaq. Begar me be no Englishman, to tell all dat me see or know.

Trick. Here, take you my Foile—come suppose I was to fight against you two, I would kill you both.

Jord. Both! *Trick.* Both.

Jaq. Oh dat be te brag—*Alloon——mort-blen.*

Trick,

Trick. To your posture—now —
Jaq. Begar and so me tink, we two
 Foiles against your Sword—no—
 no—pardonne moy—

Trick. draws his Sword.
Jaq. throws down his Foile.

Trick. Well, now—'tis in the Scabbard.

Jaq. Kill me now and you can.

Trick. To your postures then—so—look to your hits. *Jaq.* Come.

Trick. Ah, ah, what art—avant | *Trick.* Looks as affrighted, they both
 a Ghost—there— | look behind them, he gives each a
 good push with his Sword.

Jord. Euh— *Jaq.* Euh—

Trick. Now had you bin both kill'd or no? there's a trick for you.

Jord. I, but I warrant you I would not be killed so a second time.

Trick. Come to your postures again, each fix his eye on the point of
 his Sword; now suppose your Enemy was before you, you a first, and
 he your second.

Jord. Nay, we'll look to our selves, now we know your tricks.

Trick. Suppose I was placed by your Enemies in a Hedge behind to
 make a noyse, that might cause you to look back,

Jaq. No, no, we no look back.

Trick. I wager a crown with you Master *Jorden*, you look back, tho'
 you are forewarned, *Jord.* Done. *Jaq.* Done with me too.

Trick. Done: well, prepare—so, | *Trick.* Hallows, and takes *Jord.*
 ho, ho, ho, not yet—lo, ho—lo, ho— | cloaths. *Trick.* Exit.
 not yet—well, I shall have you | They stand still in their postures.
 anon.

Enter Cleverwit.

Clev. Your Daughter Master *Jorden*—

Jord. Aye, aye, I hear you Sir.

Clev. Is so well convinc'd. *Jord.* No, no, this wont do.

Clev. Yes Sir, she'll do any thing, I have so convinc'd her of Sir *Si-*
mon's good qualities, and your fatherly care,—

Jord. Well Sir, I care not, I care not.

Clev. That she is now extreemly rejoyced, and will be glad to see
 him come. *Jord.* O this trick won't do.

Jaq. No, no, we no lose te crown, I'll lay one more.

Clev. There's some trick in't, they not so much as stir. [aside:
 What mean you, are ye both betwicht?

Jord. Oh, is he so cunning, to set you on to make us look back.

Clev. He! what he? here is neither he nor she besides my self, and
 you two. *Jord.* Ha, no body! *Clev.* Yes, here comes Mistress *Lucia.*

Enter Lucia.

Jaq. Oh ho Maitre *Jordan* you look back, you lose your money—
 ha, no body here?

C

[*Jorden leaves his posture.*

Clev.

Clev. Who do you look for?

[*Jaques leaves his posture:*

Jord. The Fencing-Master. *Clev.* He is not here—— *Jord.* Gone!

Luc. I saw him go out in great hast.

Clev. Sir *Simon* will be here before you are dressed.

Jord. Give me my cloaths and dress me.

Jaq. Cloaths! here be no cloaths; oh dam English trick, te Rogue steal all your cloaths. *Jord.* Ha! my Sute gone?——

Jaq. Gone, Mounſieur, gone—— *Clev.* Did he take'em?

Jaq. Me say nothing, me swear no to tell te secret.

Jord. Sir, I am undone.

Luc. He told you indeed, he'd teach you a trick to undo all you fenc'd with. *Jaq.* Ha, ha, dere be te jest o' te trick!

Jord. I had not car'd a straw had but my Mistris seen't before it went. *Clev.* Well Sir, let not this put you out of humour.

Jord. No Sir, I am more a Gentleman.

Clev. I'll after the Thief, and see if I can recover your Sute. [*Clev. Exit.*

Jord. If it is gone, farewell it, I have learnt a good trick by the bargain, I'll e'n put on some of my other Sutes, and stay till my Son-in-Law comes. Master *Jack*, get the Sute ready I wore yesterday. [*Jaq. Exit.*

Luc. You see Sir what comes of your Fencing.

Jord. My fencing I see sticks in your stomach: but I'll convince you presently. Take this Foile: now | *Jord. Takes the Foiles, puts one into Lucia's hand.*

for demonstration; When you make a thrust in Quart, it is but to do so, when in Tierce, so: see there a sure way never to be kill'd; and is not this something think you, to know what a man has to trust to when he goes to fight his enemy? Come make a thrust now, that you may see the manner on't.

[*Lucia thrusts at Jorden, and pushes him five or six times; he gives back,* Euh, euh, euh—houh—hold, what's the Devil in the Wench?

Luc. Did not you bid me thrust? Now Sir what think you of your skill?

Jord. Yes, but you made a thrust in tierce, when you should have made a thrust in quart, and was so hasty, you'd not give a man time to parry. *Luc.* You see what your fencing signifies.

Jord. Go get you to Mrs. *Marina's*——I see what my pains signify in indeavouring to make you wiser. It has been well observed.

*To conquer Armies is not so hard to man,
As to overcome the ignorance in Woman.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Young Jorden and Lucia.

Y. Jord. **H**OW these visions of gallantry and capricioe's of gentility still dance in my Father's fancy!

Luc. His madness will undo us; me he'll marry to one I ne'er shall love; you he will disinherit, and marry again to get a Son that shall be a Gentleman to succeed him in what will be your right.

Y. Jord. I lament not so much he should marry, as that *Marina* should be his wife; nor that he should deprive me of his estate, as of her.

Luc. Do you then love *Marina*?

Y. Jord. I do, and ever shall. She did admit my addresses till my Father's pretensions interrupted the course of my love; her Father, poor Knight, is old and decrepid, has but a very slender fortune, and is glad of this occasion to dispose of his Daughter to a man of estate.

Luc. Does *Marina* approve of my Father's suit?

Y. Jord. She is yet scarce well acquainted with it; but when she shall I fear her obedience may dispose her will, for her Father will be very urgent, being he can give her but little while he lives.

Luc. I pity your condition! without her you'll be unhappy, and with her you'll be miserable, unless my Father would settle some part of his estate on you.

Y. Jord. Two thousand pounds a year his folly throws away, and yet his hand is shut to me.

Luc. Yet I observe you have always plenty of money.

Y. Jord. I have a revenue coming in you know not of: I keep a Journey-man at work continually. The profits of the last half year came to five hundred pounds, which by gaming at the Groom-porters I have doubled. *Luc.* How found you out the secret?

Y. Jord. Necessity is the Mother of Invention. Love made me sensible of my wants, and want which whets mens wits to do ill, taught me the means. *Luc.* Is it then an unlawful course?

Y. Jord. Strangers when they hear of it may blame me, but all that know my condition, and my Father's humour, will excuse my dealing. But here comes your Lover.

Enter Cleverwit and Trickmore.

Clev. Madam, you have seen the first part of our intreague: this is that Fencer who gave your Father so home a thrust this Morning.

Luc. What, Mr. *Trickmore*!

Trick. Yes, Madam, out of pity I have sent him his Suit again, for now the hour of Sir *Simon*'s absence being expired, Mr. *Jorden* will expect

pect to see him at his own house, and you shall see another tryal of Skill by way of prevention. *T. Jord.* Where did you leave him?

Trick. At the Inn in bed. I had notice this morning he was sending to advertise your Father of his arrival; I dog'd the Messenger to know the result of his message, resolving to act as occasion required. At the door I o'ertook his Fencing-Master: And he being my old acquaintance, I made known to him my design, and obtain'd his consent to go in's place, and pass for his Usher: And this I did to prevent his journey to Sir *Simon*.

Clev. But shou'd Sir *Simon* get abroad before you return to the Inn.

Trick. There is one at his heels will do his work: My fellow Mountebank *alias* Doctor Cureau.

Luc. Pray what manner of man is this Knight for a Lover?

Trick. For his Figure it is beyond expression, ridicule enough.

Clev. What brains has he?

Trick. No more than our purpose requires. I'll tell you in what a pleasant posture I found him when I got to the Inn, last night. A servant chanc'd to leave open the door of the Room where he was at supper; looking in, I saw him sit at table with his Hostess, who was a notable fat burley Dame; he not being well after his Journey, bespoke a Sack-possiet, and invited her to the eating of it.

Clev. So, but as to his posture.

Trick. 'Twas thus. One leg with a slipper at the end of it (and that no very cleanly one) was laid upon one corner of the Table, the other in her lap, his left arm about her neck, embracing: in this manner he sat for some time, telling her the occasion of his coming to Town; that it was love; that his Mistress was such a one (naming you, Madam.) His Hostess to gratifie the relation he had made her, drank your health to him in the possiet, he went to pledge it, but was taken in the middle of his draught with a coughing and sneezing, which broke out with such a violence, that all he had drank flew out at his nose and mouth into his Landladies face; she making a start from her chair threw him backward, he keeps his hold, draws her after him; down comes she, the Possiet between 'em, and her coats over 'em. A terrible outcry there was, and I ran in amongst the rest to help: when with much ado we had found the way to take her off the right end upward, there we saw Sir *Simon* lying half drown'd in Possiet, and half smother'd with Petty-coats.

Clev. A very pleasant Relation.

Trick. At last we got him up, but you wou'd have laugh'd to have seen how like Rogue and Whore they look'd, that had stood i'th' Pillory and been pelted with all the rotten eggs in the Parish.

Luc. Alas poor Lover.

Trick. You must think the bed was the next place after this. But yonder

yonder comes my setter, our game is not far off.

Enter Cureal.

Cur. So ho, put your selves into a posture to receive the enemy, he's marching towards us. *T. Ford.* Where you have left him?

Cur. Coming along that Street with a clutter of people about him, as if he was some Monster newly come from the Desarts of *Arabia*.

Luc. Is he so remarkable to be taken notice off?

Cur. You'll see anon with what an air Nature has design'd him.

Trick. See, yonder he comes.

Enter Sir Simon with People and Boys about him.

Luc. Goodness, how he is hung together!

Trick. These that haunt him, are some unlucky Prentices, whom I advis'd of his coming this way, on purpose that there rudeness shou'd give me occasion to do him some piece of service which might endear me to him.

Clev. Madam, I must not yet be seen by him, let us retire, and I'll give you instructions how to demean your self to your Father, if in spite of all our endeavours he should come to the sight of him. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Sim. Very pretty, as I live; what's the matter? What would you have? in my conscience the Devil's in the Town, and has possess'd all the people: Why, what a Devil ails ye all? cannot a man go along the Streets without a Regiment of Fools at his heels? What do you laugh at now? Ye had more need go look after your Wives at home, lest they make ye Monsters to be stared at; I believe I shall laugh at some of you before I leave the Town; and hau, hau, hau, too, the devil take me if I do not give the next I see laugh a dounce o'th' chops.

Trick. How now, what's the matter here gentlemen? what mean ye? who have you got here? have ye nothing else to do but run staring and gaping after a gentleman, as if ye were all out of your wits?

Sir Sim. Here is a man has some reason in him.

[*Aside.*]

Trick. What is your business? what do you sneer at?

Sir Sim. Aye, aye; at what, at what?

Trick. Do you see any thing about him that is ridiculous?

Sir Sim. Aye, have I? *Trick.* Is he not like other people?

Sir Sim. Aye, have I horns upon my head as some of you? or am I cloven footed? *Trick.* Go, go home, and learn better breeding.

Sir Sim. That's good counsel, and take it y'ad best.

Trick. The Gentleman is a Knight. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. The heir of an honourable Family. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. His Ancestors deserv'd well of his Country. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. And he no less. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. His behaviour challenges respect. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick. He is one of singular parts. *Sir Sim.* Aye.

Trick.

Trick. He has been a Traveller. *Sir Sim.* Aye, marry have I.

Trick. He honours the Town with his presence.

Sir Sim. An understanding fellow this, I believe he's well bred.

Trick. He is not a person to be affronted and laugh't at.

Sir Sim. No, they are mistaken in their man if they think so.

Trick. If ye go not about your business, I will handle some of ye without mittens: go, be gone. [*Trickmore drives the people out.*]

Sir Sim. Sir, I am most hugely obliged to you.

Trick. I am troubled, Sir, to see such a person as you treated so rudely, and I ask your pardon for the whole Town. *Sir Sim.* Your servant Sir.

Trick. Sir, I had the honour to lodge in the same Inn with you last night, when I understood by your servant who you was, I had a great presumption to do you some piece of service—

Sir Sim. What does this fellow expect now, Money? [*Aside.*]

Trick. And it was my good fortune to pass by the door of your Room where you was at supper, just as the out-cry was, and these hands had the honour to disengage you from being smother'd by the gentlewoman of the house, when you was overthrown by that unlucky accident, and your Hostess whelm'd over you.

Sir Sim. Was you there then? *Trick.* I was, Sir.

Sir Sim. I was so blinded with Sack-posset I could not see my deliverers.

Trick. I am glad I am again so happy to do you another piece of service.

Sir Sim. [*Aside*] I must give him something. Sir, pray let me requite your services with a piece of gold.

Trick. By no means, Sir, I am not covetous of any thing but to do you service; pray put it up again. I have conceived a great inclination to serve you, and the honour shall be the only reward.

Sir Sim. An honest fellow this. Well Sir, I remain behind hand with you in courtesies. [*Aside.*]

Trick. Pray let me kiss your hand.

[*Trickmore kisses Sir Simon's hand.*]

Sir Sim. In my life I never met with such a civil fellow.

Trick. Your physiognomy takes me extreamly. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. I see much gallantry in it. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. Something very taking. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. Manly and brave. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. Frank and generous. *Sir Sim.* Ah, ah.

Trick. I swear to you I am wholly engaged to serve you.

Sir Sim. I find it.

Trick. If I had the honour to be known to you, you'd say I was a man very sincere. *Sir Sim.* I doubt not.

Trick.

Trick. An utter enemy to knavery. *Sir Sim.* I believe it.

Trick. And one that is not capable to disguise his thoughts.

Sir Sim. Plain dealing is a Jewel.

Trick. And I use it; yet in spite of the sag end of the Proverb am no beggar.

Enter to them Cleverwit.

Clev. Ha! who is this I see? *Sir Simon Softhead!* I am raviht to see you; Oh what a joy I feel at sight of you! What it seems you scarce know me.

Sir Sim. *Sir Simon* is your servant, Sir.

Clev. Out of sight out of mind I see: but is't possible six or seven years should blot me out of your memory? It's strange that in so short a time you should forget one that professes himself the greatest friend and servant to the family of the *Softheads* of any man breathing.

Sir Sim. Oh pray pardon me there——Faith I know him not. [To *Trickmore* aside.

Clev. There is scarce one of that Family that I do not know as well as I know you, when I lived at *Berry*, there was no doing without me, I was always amongst 'em, I had the honour to see you there almost every day.

Sir Sim. You shall excuse me, Sir, 'twas I received the honour——I never saw his face before. [To *Trickmore*.

Clev. You cannot call me to mind yet.

Sir Simon. Pray excuse me for that.——I know not who it is, not I. [To *Trickmore*.

Clev. Don't you remember we went often together to drink?

Sir Sim. O Yes.——But let me be hang'd if I remember any thing like it. [To *Trickmore*.

Clev. How do you call the little witty knave that used to make us so welcome at his house? *Sir Sim.* Oh, little *John*.

Clev. Right, we went often thitherto be merry: but what is become of his pretty Daughter? *Sir Sim.* He had ne'r a Daughter.

Clev. He ne'er a Daughter! What not a witty little baggage you us'd to run after to kifs from one room to another?

Sir Sim. Oh, I know whereabouts you are now, you mean, I warrant you, little *Peggy*.

Clev. Aye, *Peggy*, by the same token was her name.

Sir Sim. She was *George Gooddale's* Daughter at the *Rose*. Why, she's married.

Clev. Is She? Pray how do you call the place at *Berry*, where they used to walk? *Sir Sim.* Oh, the *Green*.

Clev. Directly, 'twas there I passed so many hours of delight in your good company: You do not remember this?

Sir

Sir Sim. I not remember't ? Not in the least : If I do, I wish the Devil fetch me. [To *Trickmore*.

Trick. There are a hundred of these things a man forgets.

Clev. Let us embrace then, and renew our ancient amity.

Trick. See now there is a man that loves you cordially.

Clev. Pray tell me some news of your Family, *Sir Simon* : how does that Gentleman——your——he that is such an honest good man ?

Sir Sim. My Brother-in-Law, the Justice of Peace ?

Clev. The same, the same. *Sir Sim.* Why, he is very well.

Clev. I am very glad, I assure you ; and he that's of so good an humour, the Gentleman,——your——

Sir Sim. What my cousin *Small-brain* ?

Clev. Aye, Mr. *Small-brain*,——that I should forget his name ! to see how quickly things run out of a man's head. But pray how does he do ?

Sir Sim. He keeps his old humour, always merry and jocund.

Clev. Troth you tell me good news. And pray *Sir Simon* how does your Uncle, the—— *Sir Sim.* My Uncle ? I have no Uncle.

Clev. No ? But you had at that time perhaps.

Sir Sim. No, only an Aunt.

Clev. Oh, 'tis her I mean : The Lady your Aunt, pray how does she ?

Sir Sim. She has been dead these six years.

Clev. Indeed, I heard so, now I think on't, presently after I left the Country : Well, rest her soul, she was as good a Gentlewoman as lived.

Sir Sim. We had also a Nephew that died of the small Pox.

Clev. Oh what pitty it was, he was a hopeful young man.

Sir Sim. Did you know him ?

Clev. Know him ? He was a comely proper young Youth.

Sir Sim. Not very proper. *Clev.* Yes, for his age.

Sir Sim. Oh yes, for his age.

Clev. If he was your Nephew, that I mean, 'he was the Son of your Sister and Brother. *Sir Sim.* Right he was so.

Clev. 'Twas the same. *Sir Sim.* He knows all my Relations.

Trick. He knows you better than you are aware of.

Clev. I hope I shall oblige you to make my house your home while you stay in Town. *Sir Sim.* I am obliged to be at my Father-in-Laws.

Clev. Are you married then, *Sir Simon* ?

Sir Sim. No, but all's agreed on't.

Clev. But however you shall dine with me to day.

Sir Sim. I have sent Mr. *Jorden* word I was coming, and he'll expect me I know at dinner.

Clev. Mr. *Jorden* then is your Father-in-Law : Well, well, that shall not hinder my design, he is my Neighbour and intimate Friend, we are as it were Brothers. *Sir Sim.* Indeed !

Clev.

Clev. You shall stay, and I'll send for him to dinner too.

Sir Sim. 'Twill be a trouble, and——

Clev. No excuse *Sir Simon*, for by my soul you shall; I have sworn it.

Trick. Since he so importunes you, accept it; he has sworn it, and 'twill not be courteous to refuse him now.

Clev. Where are your Servants, and Portmanteau?

Sir Sim. Truly my coming was in great haste, and for expedition, I left all but one man behind, and he is at the Inn where the Coach lies.

Trick. *Sir Simon*, I will, if you please, wait on you to the Inn where your man stays, and then help you to find this Gentleman's house. Pray whereabouts is it, *Sir*?

Clev. This is the House. *Trick.* We'll be with you in a trice.

Clev. I will in, and give orders for your reception; you shall find me here at your return. *Sir Sim.* I'll not fail to trouble you.

Clev. I'll wait your coming with impatience [Cleverwit Exit.]

Trick. He has the carriage of a fine Gentleman.

Sir Sim. Ah, ha, he, a good jest, a good jest, i' faith.

Trick. What occasions your mirth?

Sir Sim. Ha, ha, he, why I don't know that I ever saw any such man before in my life. *Trick.* No? *Sir Sim.* No, as I live, not I.

Trick. Come, *Sir*, no matter, he knows you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Young Jorden and Cureal, as from over-hearing.

Cur. So, he has trussed his Quarrey: how do you like *Sir Simon* for a woman's man?

Y. Jord. Sure there is no woman in the World so necessitated to venture on him.

Cur. O, *Sir*, a Country Knight will down with many Court and City Ladies, 'tis a great convenience to have a Husband that is blind in his reason, and is not clear enough sighted in's understanding to see the shadow his horns cast.

Enter Jorden on one side, a Foot-boy on the other, and gives Cureal a Letter, who reads it.

Y. Jord. Here is the Court Doctor come, I believe for some more of your money.

Jord. Speak of him with respect, he is a person of great importance, he talks to the King and Nobles at Court as familiarly as I to you.

Y. Jord. Yes, he wants neither confidence nor impudence.

Jord. He does me the honour to come often to me; is't not an honour, think you, to be visited by one of the King's Physicians, and a Favourite too as he is?

Y. Jord. He is the best paid for his visits to you of any Doctor in Town, let him visit Lord, Duke, or King.

Jord. He does me the honour to let me lend him a sum of money

D

now

now and then : Can I do less than lend it to a man that is in favour at Court, and calls me his Friend ?

T. Ford. What courtesies does he do you ?

Ford. More than you are aware of.

T. Ford. Yes, he does you the favour to borrow money of you rather than of any body else.

Ford. Aye, and more than so, he had rather borrow ten times of me than once of any other man living ; and does it so Courtly and Gentleman-like. *T. Ford.* And pays it so frankly, and with so good a grace.

Ford. When I please he will.

T. Ford. What security does he give you ?

Ford. His word, as he is a Gentleman.

T. Ford. You'll have it again without doubt, that is security enough.

Ford. He shall command what he will. *T. Ford.* No doubt.

Cur. Tell your Lady I'll wait on her immediately.

[*Exit Boy.*]

My dear Friend Mr. *Forden* how do you, Sir ?

[*T. Jorden retires.*]

Ford. Well, to do you service.

Cur. Y^e are very modish and fine in this habit, you exceed all the young Gallants at Court. *Ford.* Hay, huy.

Cur. Turn you—Gallant all over.

Ford. Pretty well : e'en as the Taylor pleas'd.

Cur. I know not what is the matter Mr. *Jorden*, I am never so well as when I am with you, you are the man of all the World I most esteem and love, I was speaking of you this morning to the King as I stood by his bed-side. *Ford.* To the King ! You did me a great honour I vow.

Cur. What mean you, Sir ? pray put on—

Ford. I know my respect to you.

Cur. Fic Mr. *Jorden*, no ceremony among Friends.

Ford. Nay, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. You must, Sir, by all means : you are my Friend.

Ford. I am your servant, Sir.

Cur. I protest I will not, till you are cover'd.

Ford. I had rather be uncivil than troublesome.

Cur. Well, Sir, as I was saying, I spoke of you to the King, and he has given order the Patent be made, and commands me to bring you to him, and he'll confer on you the honour of Knighthood ; he shewed much joy and willingness when I told him, and was much pleased when I mentioned you to him. *Ford.* I am extreamly beholden to him.

Cur. Name what day I shall wait on you to kiss his Majestie's hand, and I'll advise you if he will be at leisure.

Ford. Your servant, Sir ; as soon as you please : to day I cannot, but to morrow—

Cur. To morrow I cannot neither : Well, let it alone a day or two till the Patent is ready for the Seal.

Ford.

Jord. I wou'd have it so soon as I could.

Cur. I might get it done to day peradventure, if I had the money ready to give in Fees, and something a little extraordinary, and so forth as you know. *Jord.* What will do?

Cur. Let me have two hundred pounds, and for what is over I'll be accountable. *Jord.* I have that sum here in Gold.

Cur. It may be, less may do. *Jord.* Well, Sir, pray take purse and all.

Cur. So leave it to my management, this will hasten the dispatch. But now Mr. *Jorden*, Sir *Jonathan Jorden* that shortly will be: As to my affairs, you know I stand indebted to you.

Jord. A few dribbling sums, Sir.

Cur. And you lent 'em me very frankly, and with a great deal of generosity, and much like a Gentleman.

Jord. You're pleas'd to say so, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. But I know how to receive kindnesses, and to make returns according to the merits of the person that obliges me.

Jord. No man better.

Cur. Therefore pray let's see how our accounts stand.

Jord. They are down here in my Table-book.

Cur. I am a man that love to acquit my self of all obligations as soon—— *Jord.* See the Memorandum.

Cur. You have set it all down? *Jord.* All. *Cur.* Pray read.

Jord. Lent the second time I saw you one hundred Guineys.

Cur. Right. *Jord.* Another time fifty. *Cur.* Yes.

Jord. Lent for a certain occasion which you did not tell me, one hundred and fifty.

Cur. Did I not? That I should conceal any thing from my Friend.

Jord. No matter Mr. Doctor.

Cur. It looks like mistrust which is a wrong to friendship.

Jord. O Lord, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. I am so ashamed, for I dare trust my soul with you. I borrowed it, Mr. *Jorden*, to lend a Person of Quality, whom I employed to introduce me to the King, and recommend me to his particular favour, that I might be able to do you service in your affairs.

Jord. O was it so, then that debt is as it were paid, I'll cross it out.

Cur. By no means, Mr. *Jorden*, you shall have it, or I vow——

Jord. Well, Sir, as you please.

Cur. I vow, I wou'd ne'er have borrowed any of you again as long as I had liv'd. But proceed. *Jord.* Another time, one hundred.

Cur. O that was to send into France to my Wife to bring her over; but the Queen wou'd not part with her then, and since she is fallen sick.

Jord. Alas. *Cur.* But pretty well recovered.

Jord. These four sums make up four hundred Guineys.

Cur. Just as can be. A very good Account; put down two hundred Guineys more, which I will borrow of you now, and then it will be just six hundred; that is, if it will be no inconvenience to you.

Jord. Euh, not in the least.

Cur. It is to make up a sum of two thousand pounds which I am about to lay out in Houses I have bought: but if it will incommode you, I can have it elsewhere. *Jord.* O by no means.

Cur. You need but tell me if it will be any trouble.

Jord. Lord, Sir, that you will think so!

Cur. I know some will be glad of the occasion to serve me; but these are favours only to be ask'd of special Friends: And I thought you being my most esteem'd Friend, would take it ill if you should come to hear of it, that I did not ask you first.

Jord. It is a great honour, and you much oblige me in so freely giving me occasion to serve you. I'll go fetch it instantly. [Exit Jorden.]

Enter Young Jorden.

Y. Jord. Is he gone for the money?

Cur. You'll be two hundred pieces richer, if he live but to come out again. *Y. Jord.* Did you find him easie?

Cur. As a single-soled-Shoe, he did not want much drawing on, the hopes of Knighthood make him as loving.

Y. Jord. You baited your hook well.

Cur. We'll still keep him in play, that we may have t'other pluck at his purse-strings.

Y. Jord. I wish you cou'd as successfully wheadle him out of *Marina* for me.

Cur. If your Mistress had but half so good an opinion of you as he has of me.

Y. Jord. She has often admitted my Courtship, and by that I guess she does not wish me ill. But could you not invent a way to break off my Father's correspondence with the old Knight her Father, and especially prevent his treating her to day? his Courtship is now but beginning to her.

Cur. By no means: to put him by, were to make you lose many opportunities of seeing and discourting with her: Conceal your love, and you'll find, not to discourage his hopes will be to your advantage; Love, in time, will teach her to transgress that blind obedience which keeps her in subjection. *Y. Jord.* I hear him returning, I'll march off.

Cur. When we have got the money, we'll consult of your Love.

[Exit Young Jorden.]

Enter to Cureal, Jorden.

Jord. Look you Mr. Doctor, there are three hundred Guineys.

Cur. Three hundred?

Jord.

Jord. True, you ask'd but for two, but I count the two no courtesie; the other hundred you shall give me leave to lend you without being asked, that I may be satisfied, I have done something may expresse my kindness to you.

Cur. Well, Mr. *Jorden*, you are the most a Gentleman for your time I ever saw in my life; this is the most heroical Act! Indeed I did not think it possible to have found out a way to oblige a Friend at such a high rate. *Jord.* O, Sir, I am behind hand with you as to that.

Cur. I am so ashamed, I know not how to imitate your generosity, and I have such a zeal to do you some piece of service. When will you and your Daughter Mrs. *Lucia* come to a Ball at Court, and I'll carry you in, and place you among persons of Quality?

Jord. The next time there is one, we'll both come.

Cur. There will be one very suddenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Mrs. *Lucia*, bid me acquaint you she is returned.

Jord. Has she brought Mrs. *Marina*?

Boy. There is a Lady with her, Sir.

Jord. Tell her I am coming; bid her have her into the dining Room, and let all things be in a readiness. [Exit Boy.]

Cur. Sir, I will take my leave.

Jord. You shall walk in and take part of a Collation.

Cur. I am sent for to a Lady of great Quality, who writes me word, I must not fail to visit her.

Jord. But Mrs. *Marina* is come, you must needs go in and see my Mistress first.

Cur. I have so natural a kindness for you, I can refuse you nothing.

Jord. You oblige me.

[Exeunt Jorden and Curcul.]

Enter Young Jorden, Marina, Lucia.

Luc. Madam, regard my Brother's youth, and sorrow, it is for you he sighs, and languishes; and tho' you cannot cure, yet ease his pain.

Mar. Were I permitted, dearest *Lucia*, to pursue my own inclinations, he should not unregarded grieve; but I am not at my own dispose: imagine your self in my condition, and tell me how you would act in this occasion.

Luc. Alas! I am subject to the same misfortune, and therefore already qualified to be our Counsellor, and be assured I give no advice, but what I take my self. *Mar.* Do you then encourage your Lover?

Luc. To the utmost of my power.

Mar. It will be too difficult for me on the sudden, for I have not yet pass'd my first blushes, tho' I receiv'd from him proofs of his love, I gave him not any acknowledgments of mine.

Y. Jord. Nor would I now put you to the trouble of inventing such
nice.

nice and wary words as Virgins use, when first they give encouragements to their Lover: let me interpret it from your actions, receive this trifle.

Luc. Start not, Madam, he but presents you with a Ring of a small value, if you will not receive it from his hands, take it from mine: but wear it for his sake. *T. Jord.* And with it take my heart.

Mar. If I do more than I ought, yours, Madam, be the blame.

T. Jord. But fair *Marina*, if your Father will not give consent I marry you—— *Mar.* I will declare to him my real inclinations.

T. Jord. But if he prove averse, and unalterable?

Mar. I'll threaten to flee beyond Sea to a Nunnery, and for ever seclude my self from the World.

T. Jord. But if in spite of all, he will force you to a Marriage?

Mar. What would you have me say?

T. Jord. That, which I fain would hear you say. *Mar.* What?

T. Jord. That which one wou'd say, who loves well.

Mar. What is that?

T. Jord. That nothing shou'd compel you, and that against all endeavours of your Father to the contrary you wou'd promise to be mine.

Mar. Content your self with what I have already said and done, and attempt not to know the future resolutions of my heart, nor trouble your self with apprehensions of extremities which may never happen, or if they do, suffer me to govern my self at all times according to the present state of affairs.

Enter Jorden, Cureal.

Jord. Madam, a little further I pray.

Jorden having made two reverences, finds himself too near to make the third, he shoves her back from him.

Mar. Sir, I? *Jord.* One step back, and please you. *Mar.* How Sir?

Jord. A little retreat to make room for the third.

Cnr. Mr. *Jorden*, Madam, understands behaviour, and with what respect to approach a Lady.

Jord. Mademoiselle, I beg pardon for my Son.

Mar. For what, Sir? *Jord.* I saw him give you a *buss les mains*.

Mar. I confess 'twas a civility too humble.

Jord. I beg your pardon, he's not a Gentleman. *Mar.* In all things.

Jord. Excuse moy; his Mother was but a Citizen.

Mar. He is well behaved.

Jord. His deport is but so, so, his gard is pretty jauntie, and his garniture not much amiss, but he wants a *bon mein*; and, Madam, I will make it my devoir to retrieve what has been amiss.

Mar. Nothing pass'd, but what was extream well.

Jord. I am ravish'd to hear you say so.

T. Jord.

I. Ford. Sir, the Lady will be weary with standing.

Ford. Pray repose you at the Table, here's a small Collation to divert you. Mr. Doctor, will you please to sit? Madam, you see how poorly I regaul you, [They all sit down at Table.] I ought to make an harrangue to excuse it, but I hope you'll pardon my unpreparedness. *Mar.* Your treat is noble.

Luc. Madam, pray chuse where most you like.

Ford. Boy, bid the Musick give us a touch of their Harmony. Is here any thing, Madam, appears agreeable to you.

Mar. Every thing, Sir? *Ford.* Fall too then: Sa, fa.

Mar. I do, Sir. *Ford.* Without fans Complement.

Mar. I use not any.

Ford. Pray taste that Ragoust. Ah, what a pretty bells mains has this Lady, Mr. Doctor. *Cur.* Admirable white, and well shaped.

Ford. Fill me a glafs of wine: so the same to this Lady, and to every one round. Hai, allons: The Hat, chappéaux bas: this Ladies health to you, Mr. Doctor.

Cur. Look you, Sir: I do you reason.

Ford. So, 'tis gone round 'tis with you, Lady.

Mar. Sir my service to you.

Ford. How do you approve of the frolick, Mr. Doctor?

Cur. Very pretty, and apt to the purpose; Love and Wine, Mr. Jorden, should go hand in hand.

Ford. Ah, Mr. Doctor, if Mrs. Marina would be as favourable to pledge in one as the other.

Cur. She is so charming, she can do nothing but oblige. Mr. Jorden, pray give me leave to begin a health.

Ford. With all my heart: Fill round.

Cur. And let's have a Song to encourage us.

S O N G.

I.

Let's drink, dear Friends, let's drink,
The time flies fast away,
And we no leisure have to think,
Then let's make use on't whilst we may.
When the black Lake we have pass'd,
Adieu to Wine, to Love and Pleasure;
To drink, to drink, let us make haste,
To drink we always sha'nt have leisure.

Let's love, let's drink whilst we have breath;
Nor love, nor drink is after death.

*Disputing leave to Sotts
That are more grave than wife :
What's life's true bliss, our learning lyes
In the bottom of the pots.
Great riches, knowledge, and great fame,
Ease not the troubl'd mind of care,
But, rather more increase the same ;
But we by drinking cur'd are.*

*'Tis only wine can do the feat :
Wine makes our happiness compleat.*

*All. Drink, drink, drink off your wine, turn, turn, turn up your glass,
Turn it up, turn it up ; till we cry, let it pass, let it pass.*

Cur. Very fine! faith : Now, Mr. Jorden, to this Lady's best inclinations, and long may they live in favour of whom this Lady wears this fine Ring.

Jord. Courage : so, and long may he live.

Y. Jord. Not a word more of the Ring, you'll make a discovery.

[Whispers Cural.

Cur. Mum. Y. Jord. Luc. Long may he live, Madam.

Jord. How, Madam, do you approve their singing?

Mar. It was not amiss, Sir. Jord. In my opinion 'tis admirable.

Mar. It was indeed most ravishing.

Jord. Ah, Madam, could we but as easie ravish your heart.

Mar. Sir, my service to you. Jord. Sarrah, give me that Glass as it is.

Cur. Observe, Madam ; Mr. Jorden drinks just where your lip has been, and all this while eats nothing but what your fingers have touch'd. Oh the little Arts of Lovers.

Mar. Sir, I am ignorant of your meaning.

Jord. I'll take t'other glass, and then Mr. Doctor——

Cur. What, Sir? Jord. I'll tell her my mind more plainly.

Cur. But have a care what you do, you must not blurt all out at once, Maids are shie.

Jord. But I intend to show my self a man of courage, and boldly to declare my Amour.

Cur. Aye, Sir, that is City-courtship ; but now you are to make love Ala mode, to act like a Gentleman, Ala negligence, with a certain kind of gallantry that obliges more than words : Entertainments, Songs, Dances and Musick are preparatives. Jord. Must I not speak to her?

Cur. Your treat this time speaks enough ; this lays an obligation ; obligations beget respect, respect begets love, love begets marrying, and marrying begets Children.

Jord.

Jord. Well, Sir, I have a damnable itching to tell her my mind; but since obligations beget so to the end of the Chapter, I'll let her know how much she is beholden to me. That Ring Madam—— *Mar.* Sir?

Y. Jord. I shall be disgrac'd.

[*Aside.*]

Luc. My Father says, becomes your hand.

Jord. Cost a good sum of money.

Y. Jord. Pray, Sir, how much do you think it cost?

Jord. It cost fifty pounds. *Y. Jord.* I believe it might.

Luc. My Father, Madam, has skill in Jewels.

Jord. 'Tis well worth your wearing.

Mar. I am not much affected with Jewels, but I have a particular reason to wear this.

Jord to *Cur.* You shall see how prettily I'll wheedle her to tell me she loves me.] Why, Madam? Because it was given you?

Mar. Yes Sir, for the sake of the Giver.

Jord. Ha, ha, Madam, this small present deserves not so great an honour. *Mar.* Excuse me, Sir. *Jord.* You set too great a value on it.

Mar. I rate it according to the merit of the person that presented it.

Jord. to *Cur.* Lo you there.] That person is very much your humble servant, and wishes it was much better for your sake.

Mar. I think, Sir, he does not wish me ill.

Jord. to *Cur.* Look you again.] When you know him better you will say so; he loves you extreamly.

Mar. 'Tis likely he may, but men know how to dissemble.

Jord. But he, Madam, the least of any one in the world.

Mar. I am glad you confirm me in my good opinion; but I wonder to hear this from you.

Cur. The Lady wonders to hear you commend your self so.

Jord. I beg your pardon, Madam, if my over-forwardness offends you.

Mar. On the contrary it pleases me extreamly to hear you speak well of him.

Jord. It is my near concern gives me the occasion; but truly I never knew any of the *Jordens* not Gentlemen in the point of Love, tho' I speak it that should not.

Mar. Truly, Sir, I did not think you had known so much as I perceive you do. *Y. Jord.* Now Sister all comes out. [To *Lucia*.]

Jord. If I did not, Madam, who shou'd?

Mar. Since our Love is no longer a secret as I thought it had been, and you approv't, I hope by your means my Father may be inclin'd.

Jord. O, I had got his consent before: and this design of my Daughters bringing you hither was a plot laid to gain a good opportunity to court you.

Mar. Alas, Sir, I was so well inclin'd before, I could not long for-

bear the acknowledgement, tho' I cannot but blush to own I am so soon o'er-come.

Jord. to *Cur.* Is not this a rare wheedle Mr. Doctor?] How glad am I to hear this, for in truth I think courtship the most troublesome thing in the world. *Mar.* Yet, Sir, you must use it with my Father.

Jord. Let me alone to deal with him, we'll send for a Parson, and the marriage shall be concluded to night.

Mar. Alas, I know my Father will obstruct our proceedings.

Jord. Madam, take my word for it.

Mar. Well, Sir, if he can be won to consent to it.

Jord. Lord! you are so hard of belief.

Mar. Nay, Sir, he guessed once at our love, and did not then seem displeas'd; but I believe he has since design'd me for some other; for of late he has strictly charg'd me to the contrary; he told me himself he had provided one wou'd be a fitter match for me.

Jord. Well, Madam, to clear all doubts, I'll e'ne wait on you home, and you shall soon hear what he says. *Mr. Jack,* give me my Sword and Belt. *Luc.* Madam, pray let me set this curle right for you.

Mar. I beg your pardon.

Luc. A little this way. Ah, Madam, you are unhappily run into a mistake: my Father knows not of my Brother's love for you, and himself is the man your Father has found out to be your Husband.

Mar. I am amaz'd.

Jord. What good luck have I to dispatch so great an affair in so short a time: I was wooing my first Wife at least a year; But to see how obliging a Gentlewoman is over a Citizen.

Luc. You must resolve to stand to the brunt of 't, but conceal my Brother's being your Lover.

Mar. I'll endeavour't, and frame some excuse for what I said.

Luc. Any thing. *Jord.* Come Madam. How your hand trembles?

Mar. My heart misgives me.

Jord. Allons courage, your Father will consent, I warrant you. *Lucy,* Stay you at home to receive Sir *Simon*: I much wonder he comes not yet; but when he does, send me word. *Luc.* Yes, Sir.

Jord. Let the Musick stay till Night; and bid them practise their Dialogue; we cannot stay to have it now, but it will serve rarely well at supper, and will be as good for a wedding as an *Epithalamium*. Mr. Doctor, your servant, Sir.

Cur. Sir, I'll wait on you out, for I must be going too. Madam, I am going to meet your Lover. Mr. *Jorden* take heart, things may yet go well.

Exeunt Jorden Singing, How happy a Lover am I,
Marina, Cureal. While I sigh not for *Phyllis* in vain,

X. Jord. And I how unhappy!

Luc.

Luc. All may go well yet, ever hope the best.

T. Jord. I cannot hope my love should not be discovered.

Luc. *Brother think on Marina's Love, you'll find
Sufficient ground for hope whilst she proves kind.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. Cleverwit and Cureal.

Clev. **B**E sure you look well to him; keep all the doors shut and lock'd.

Cur. When he is once in *Lobs*-pound, he shall not easily escape.

Enter Sir Simon and Servant.

Clev. Here he comes. — *Sir Simon*, you are welcome.

Sir Sim. You see I make bold.

Clev. You honour my house. But where is the Gentleman, that was to show you the way?

Sir Sim. He left me but just now, he showed me the house, and begg'd leave for an hour.

Clev. I shou'd have been glad he had been here to bear you company till my return: I'll step cross the street and fetch *Mr. Jorden* to you. But see here a person into whose hands I commend you, he will treat you with all courtesie possible.

Cur. My profession obliges me, and 'tis enough you command my care.

Sir Sim. This is the Steward of's house: He must be a Person of Quality. [Aside.]

Cur. Yes, I assure you, I'll treat *Sir Simon*, according to the method and rules of Art.

Sir Sim. Oh pray make no ceremony, I beseech you, treat me as a Friend, let me be no trouble.

Cur. Such an employ is not my trouble but delight.

Clev. Here, Sir, is ten pounds advance of what I promis'd you.

Sir Sim. I beseech you, Sir, I understand not wherefore you shou'd put your self to charge for me: Pray, Sir, let him not buy any thing extraordinary, but let me partake of the usual entertainment of your Family. *Clev.* Pray, Sir, give me leave: it is not for what you imagine.

Cur. Not for provision, Sir; a spare dyet is wholesome; much meat sends up fumes from the stomach to the head, and that is very hurtful for the brain, especially to one that is a little disordered.

Sir Sim. He talks learnedly. But I beseech you, Sir, let me fare like a Friend, and not a stranger.

Clev. 'Tis that I intend : I pray , Sir , excuse the incivility I commit in leaving you. *Sir Sim.* Oh, Sir, you leave me in good company.

[Exit *Cleverwit*.]

Cur. It is a great honour to me, Sir, to be chosen one to do you service. *Sir Sim.* I am your servant.

Enter Trickmore in a Physician's Habit.

Cur. See there an able man, my great Friend, with whom I will consult the manner how to treat you.

Sir Sim. Once more I request you to make no such ceremony , I am a man content with ordinary usage.

Cur. Come, set chairs here. Sir, please you take that place.

[*Sir Simon sits down in the middle chair which is biggest, and with arms, which locks him in that he cannot stir.*]

Sir Sim. Ha, what's the meaning of this ? I am fast.

Trick. An *Italian* device, we meant to surprize you with a rarity.

Sir Sim. I cannot get up.

Cur. We can soon set you at liberty, it may be you don't sit easie.

Sir Sim. Oh, very well, I thank you : I shou'd be loth, were it not among Friends, to be so engag'd.

Cur. Come Friend, pray draw your chair nearer. Now to our business. Give me your hand, Sir.

Trick. Your hand, Sir, I beseech you.

[*Sir Simon gives his hand as in courtesie to Friends : they feel his pulse.*]

Sir Sim. Oh, your servant, Gentlemen, your servant.

Cur. Oh, Sir, I beseech you hold still a little. *Sir Sim.* What means this?

Cur. Have you a good stomach ? Do you eat well Sir ?

Sir Sim. Aye, and drink well too.

Cur. So much the worse, this great appetite of cold and humidity is an indication of the heat and driness within. Do you sleep sound ?

Sir Sim. Yes, when I have eat a good supper.

Trick. Do you dream, Sir ? *Sir Sim.* Sometimes.

Cur. Of what nature are your Dreams ?

Sir Sim. Why, of the nature of Dreams. A Devil, what kind of entertainment is this ? *Cur.* How do you go to stool, Sir ?

Sir Sim. As others do. A plague on't, I know not what they mean by these Questions : Pray let me be so bold to call for a glass of wine.

Cur. Have patience, Sir : I doubt whether it be good for you ; we will begin and discourse of the thing it self, and that you may the better understand we'll dispute in English, and resolve upon your food, what meats and drinks are properest for you, and will do you the least harm.

Sir Sim. What needs so much discourse about my eating and drinking ? *Trick.* Patience, Sir, you must be patient.

Sir Sim. What a devil wou'd they be at?

Cur. I say with your permission, Sir, that our patient here present is very much assaulted, affected, possessed, and o'ercome with this sort of folly, which is very well called Hypochondriack melancholy.

Sir Sim. These are Doctors, now shall I have a lecture read o'er me.

Trick. I beseech you, Sir, sit still.

Cur. This Hypochondriack Melancholy proceeds from the deprav'd constitution of some part of the neither belly, and inferiour region: but particularly from the spleen. To be assured that this is his disease, you need but observe this great dulness which you see, this heaviness accompanied with fear and diffidence, signs, pathognomiques and individuals of this disease so well observed by the divine *Hippocrates*; this Physiognomy, these eyes, red, heavy and dull; this grisly beard, and grumness; this swarthy, tawney complexion; this constitution of body, lean, spare and haggard, rough, black and hairy; all which signs denote him to be very much o'ercome with this disease proceeding from the depravedness of the *Hypochondria*. *Trick.* Sir you must sit still.

Cur. Now I mean to touch the *Therapeia*, and remedies which ought to be prescribed to effect a perfect cure. First, then to remedy this *Phlethora*, and this *Cacoehymia*, or general depravation of humours throughout all the body; my advice is for Phlebotomy; that he bleed freely; that is to say, plentifully; first of the Basilick, then of the Cephalick vein; and if the disease prove obstinate and refractory, that a vein be opened in his forehead, and that the orifice be very large, that the thick corrupted blood may have passage; and at the same time that he purge; deopitulate and evacuate by proper and convenient purgations; that is to say, by Cholagogues, Melanagogues, &c. But before all these, I find it meet to exhilarate his spirits with harmony resulting from Musick instrumental and vocal, with which it will not be amiss to joyn some Dancers; to the end that their motions, postures, and agility of bodies, may excite, stir up, and quicken his spirits stupified with idleness, which occasions the thickness of his blood, from whence proceeds the Malady: these are the Remedies I prescribe, which may be much advantag'd by some others of yours much better and more efficacious, having by your daily practice gain'd great experience, judgment and knowledge in our Art. *Dixi.* *Sir Sim.* Amen.

Cur. Nay, now, Sir, you must have a little longer patience to hear my Brother Doctor.

Trick. There remains nothing for me to say to the Gentleman, but that he was a lucky man to fall into your hands, and that he is even too happy in being a Fool, in that he shall experiment the efficacy and admirable virtues of these Remedies you have propounded with so much judgment: I approve of all, *Manibus & pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam.*

tiam : All that I say is, let the number of his bleedings and purgations be odd, *Numero Deus impari gaudet* : To drink often clarified Whey, to bathe often, to have a strait band made with salt in it to bind upon his forehead, for salt is the emblem of wisdom; and to new whiten the walls of his chamber, to dissipate the darkness of his spirits, *Album est disgregativum visus* : A gentle Clister to serve for the introduction to these judicious Remedies, with which he is to be cured, and he ought to receive consolation. Heaven grant that these Remedies you mention may according to our intention work their effects upon your Patient.

Sir Sim. Gentlemen, I have listned to ye all this while, and I have no more patience left. What, do you sport with me?

Cur. Oh, Sir, we don't sport with you.

Sir Sim. What means all this? What wou'd you with your Mountebanck canting?

Cur. Good; see a Diagnostick which we wanted for the confirmation of his disease, and this may well turn to madness.

Sir Sim. A pox on't, who am I left here with?

[He spits three or four times.

Trick. Another Diagnostick, his frequent spitting.

Sir Sim. Let me out here, let me be gone.

Cur. Yet another, his unquietness, and desire to change, and shift places.

Sir Sim. What's the matter? What a devil aye ye? What wou'd you do with me? *Trick.* Cure you, according to order given.

Sir Sim. Cure me? *Cur.* Yes.

Sir Sim. What a devil, I am not sick.

Cur. A very ill sign, when a sick man perceives not his own disease.

Sir Sim. I tell you I am very well.

Cur. Oh, we know better than you how you do; we can see into your constitution.

Sir Sim. I tell you I was never better since I was born.

Trick. Worse and worse, he has been a Fool from his Cradle.

Cur. Let him be rul'd by us, we'll cure him, I'll warrant you.

Sir Sim. I'll be rul'd by none of ye, ye are a couple of Knaves.

Trick. We are your Physicians, Sir.

Sir Sim. Worse and worse, ye are the greater Knaves for that. Physicians! What have I to do with Physicians? a fart for you, and your Physick too: a Caudle, Ale-berry, or a good Posset is worth all your damn'd Drugs.

Cur. A hone, a hone, the man is a greater Fool than we thought him.

Sir Sim. My Father and Mother never took Physick in their lives, and they are both dead without the help of Physicians.

Cur. I wonder no longer then, that they had a Son no wifer; come, let us proceed to the cure, and by the sweet exhilarating of harmony, sweeten,

sweeten, allay, and abate the acrimony of the spirits, which I see ready to inflame him. O here comes my Operators.

Sir Sim. What in the Devil's name is all this? Are all the People in this Town mad? I never saw the like in my days, what should it mean?

Enter two Chymists dress'd in Antick Habits with broad black caps on their heads, that flap down about their ears, no hair seen; Ruffs about their necks, strait bodied Doublets with long close sleeves; Spanish scant Breeches and Pumps; followed by four Operators in Antick Dresses, singing the symphony sustain'd with a medly of strange Instruments.

Two Chymists Sing.

- 1 Chym. *What ailest thee thou musing man?*
- 2 Chym. *Why art thou melancholy?*
- 1 Chym. *Come let's cure him if we can.*
- 2 Chym. *Sadness is the greatest folly.*

Four Operators sing.

- 1 Operat. *Let's cure this wight.*
- 2 Operat. *He's a gallant Knight.*
- 3 Operat. *'Tis great pit-ty,*
- 4 Operat. *That he should dy*
- All. *Of folly,*
Or of melancholy.

Two Chymists sing.

- 1 Chym. *We to cure thy sadness come.*
- 2 Chym. *Mirth with us we bring along.*
- 1 Chym. *Throats let's clear with crying hum.*
- 2 Chym. *Then treat this gallant with a Song.*

Four Operators sing.

- 1 Operat. *With Song we'l advance,*
- 2 Operat. *With Musick and dance;*
- 3 Operat. *With these we will chear him.*
- 4 Operat. *Then give him Clifters half a dozen;*
- 1 Operat. *To purge away melancholy and clear him.*
- 2 Operat. *Then rinse his body with Canary and Sherrey.*
- 3 Operat. *If this will not make him merry,*
- 4 Operat.

- 4 Operat. 'Tis we
 1 Operat. That be
 2 and 3 Operat. More fools than be,
 1 and 4 Operat. And our art will us conzen.
 All. And our art will us conzen.

S O N G I.

Let him that's melancholy,
 Each morning when he gets up
 Take of Sack a good cup:
 Sing a catch, and again sup:
 Sip and sing, sing and sip again and again,
 Till he find the Canary doth work in his brain.

2.

Then to dinner go, and after
 Let him sit and hatch a laughter:
 Sing t'other catch, take t'other cup,
 Till each hath drunk his bottle up.
 Thus laugh, thus quaff, thus quaff, thus laugh again & again,
 Till he find the Canary doth work in his brain.

3.

At supper let him eat
 But light and little meat;
 Yet trowl the cup roundly away;
 But avoid fogg'y Ale,
 And Beer new or stale:
 For Wine is the liquor,
 Makes the wits to grow quicker,
 And each o'er his glass to tell a merry tale.

4.

This melancholy evil
 Is a sort of a Devil,
 Which wine and not holy water will drive away:
 Nothing is so sure,
 And perfect a cure,
 As wine, as mirth and good company:
 And if ought doth lack
 'Tis a pipe of Tobac—coco—coco—coco—
 Which taken may be
 When to bed he doth go, gogo, gogo, gogo,

Cur. Come let's have him up to his Chamber, and there give him the remedies perforce, which he refuses to take here. *Trick.* Help to let him out of his stool of repentance.

Sir. Sim. Stay, let me take out my handkerchief to blow my nose. The Devil take ye all for Rogues.

They let Sir Simon out of the chair, he puts his hand into his pocket, and takes out a Pistol; they start back, he runs out, they discharge their clysters; and run out after him.
Enter again Trickmore and Cureal.

Trick. He is gone, gone beyond recovery, all my designs are ruin'd.

Cur. A pox o' that Pistol.

Trick. A pox on you for leaving the Key in the door.

Cur. Who'd have thought——

Trick. That you shou'd have plaid the Mountebank so long, and have no more brains in your scull. *Cur.* I have a device to recover all.

Trick. He'll find out Mr. Jorden, and then——

Cur. I'll to him first, and doubt not but I'll forestal his reception for a while: And here comes Mr. Jorden as I could wish.

Trick. Hold him in discourse till I come and second you in a new design. [Exit Trickmore.]

Enter to Cureal Mr. Jorden, Cleverwit, and Lucie.

Jord. There was juggling in the case, *Lucia*, for I find it was your brother presented the Ring to her, he was the man for whose sake she wore it, therefore tell me true how he came by it?

Clev. It may be she lost it, or laid it down somewhere, and he took it up. *Luc.* No, Sir. *Jord.* How was it then? let me know.

Luc. My Brother, Sir, desired that he might present it, and I, ignorant of his pretensions to *Marina*, gave it him.

Jord. But that thou art to be a Lady to night I wou'd beat thee for it.

Luc. Alas, Sir, I thought no harm, and judg'd it more fit for him to give it, than for me.

Jord. Let me hear a reason for that, and I'll forgive thee both this and the next fault.

Luc. I imagin'd Sir, Mrs. *Marina* would think my brother would be displeased at the match, as most sons are when their Fathers marry again, it being against their interest to have a new brood in the Family, and might from thence have some scruple to match with you, having children so well grown: therefore I gave him the Ring to present, that it might appear by this Act, my Brother did well approve of having her for a Mother-in-Law. *Clev.* This is very rational.

Jord. Well, get you in again; and tell your Brother he has no way to come off with me, but utterly to renounce her, and resign her to me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, I hope he will.

[*Exit Lucia.*]

Clev. I thought *Sir Simon* would have visited your house with Lovers speed.

Jord. Something is the matter he comes not yet, and I am going to see what it is detains him.

Enter Cureal.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, have you seen *Sir Simon*?

Jord. No, is he come?

Cur. Come! yes, Sir, and gone. *Clev.* Gone!

Jord. He has not been at my house,

Cur. He has shown me a light pair of heels.

Jord. Is he come for certain to this end of the Town?

Clev. And gone for certain?

Cur. Both for certain; and if he comes to you, let him not conclude the marriage with your Daughter till he be duly prepar'd for it, and reduced to an estate of begetting children, well conditioned both in body and mind. *Jord.* I understand you not.

Clev. Nor do I know what he means.

Cur. Your Son in-Law that is to be, was this morning put into my hands by a near relation of his that endeavours his good, to be my patient, and I must tell my friend, I do not think fit he should marry your daughter till he hath taken the remedies I am to prepare for his disease.

Jord. Has he any disease?

Cur. A most notorious one, and hard to be cured, 'tis gotten into his brain, *Clev.* What is his disease? *Cur.* Folly.

Jord. Ha, ha, he, that's one Reason why I make him my Son-in-Law; for what better husband can I provide for my daughter, than one that has much honour, a great estate, and but little wit. *Cur.* How, Sir?

Clev. I'll assure you, Mr. Doctor, you may spare your drugs and labour too, for his disease is as hereditary to his Family, as his estate, and you may sooner cure him of that than of the other.

Cur. But he has another disease I have not told you of.

Jord. Another?

Cur. One that debilitates his body as much as this his mind.

Jord. What is that? *Cur.* Doctors are bound to secrecy.

Clev. You may tell Mr. *Jorden*.

Cur. For his Daughters sake, and because he is my friend, I will. But you must both promise to keep it secret.

Jord. Doubt not, that Gentleman is my great friend.

Clev. Pray out with it. *Cur.* I'll trust ye for once. *Clev.* You may.

Cur. You know, Mr. *Jorden*, *Sir Simon* has been in France.

Jord. I have heard so.

Cur. There he fell extremely in love with a Lady. He gave her his Gold,

Gold, and she as a token of her kindness gave him the Pox.

Jord. The Pox! *Clev.* The Pox said you?

Cur. No such great wonder, for most young English Gallants that go thither have the like misfortune. *Jord.* The Pox his disease!

Clev. It is indeed the fate of most young Travellers.

Cur. Like most of 'em too he fell into the hands of an unskilful Chirurgion, who made no perfect cure; and should he marry as he is, he either would have no children; or if he has, they will be peuling, whining, sickly things, scab'd as young Cuckows, and look like Chickens that have got the pipp. *Clev.* We see the example of it daily.

Jord. But that he is both Knight and Baronet, he should not have my Daughter.

Cur. I doubt not, but by the course I intend for him, within forty days to put his body in a good condition for procreation.

Jord. Well then, I'll have him enquir'd out, he shall marry my daughter presently, lest she should hear on't, and be averse to the Marriage: And then Mr. Doctor and friend, I will deliver him again into your hands.

Cur. How! let him marry your daughter before he is cured?

Jord. Yes, I'll make sure of him first; for he may dye under your hands, and then she misses the title of Lady, and the honour of having been wife to a Knight Baronet; besides, he makes her a very great joynature. *Clev.* How his folly frustrates our designs! [*Aside.*]

Enter Trickmore.

Trick. Now is the time I must show my self a man of intrigue, or for ever lose the reputation I have gotten. [*Aside.*]
Gentlemen, can any of you inform me which is Doctor Cureal's house?

Clev. That is his house, and this Gentleman is the Doctor.

Cur. Yes, Sir, I am Doctor Cureal.

Trick. I have a little private business, and beg these Gentlemens leave to speak with you.

Clev. Mr. *Jorden*, you have not yet told me how you like your Misstress. [*Trickmore and Cureal whisper at one end of the Stage.*]

Jord. Oh, Sir, 'tis the prettiest charmingst Rogue——

Clev. Her eyes are but little.

Jord. Oh, but Mr. *Cleverwit*, so sparkling, so black and so piercing, they strike a man to the heart at first sight.

Clev. She has a wide mouth.

Jord. She has so, but so many Graces about it, such pretty dimples at each corner when she smiles, and such a pair of smacking lips too.

Clev. Her stature is but low.

Jord. But yet she's well shap'd: Oh, 'tis a pretty snug Rogue, she'll lye as round—— *Clev.* She speaks very little.

Jord. Oh, a prattling woman is worfe than a Flock of Geefe.

Clev. And fome conclude, a woman that wants tongue, wants wit.

Jord. And ſhe that has too much, wants Grace.

Clev. Well, Sir, I ſee plainly by your excuſing her, that you love her, and will have her from your ſon.

Jord. If her Father order her, as I'll order my ſon, we ſhall meet in a pair of ſheets. [*Cureal as from whiſpering.*]

Cur. Well, Sir, I'll acquaint my friends here with the buſineſs; and if you'll engage your word before them, I'll do't.

Trick. Buſineſs of this nature ſhould not be communicated.

Cur. They are my ſpecial friends.

Trick. Well, Sir, if you think good to truſt 'em.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, whatever you hear, ſay nothing, till you have made a full diſcovery; here is villany plotting againſt you.

[*Aſide to Jorden*]

Jord. Ha, knavery, knavery.

Cur. Ye muſt know friends, one Sir *Simon Softhead* is my Patient, whom I have to cure of a certain diſtemper, which will require ſome conſiderable time. Well, go you on, Sir.

Trick. The ſaid Sir *Simon* is come to Town to marry the Daughter of one Mr. *Jorden*, a rich man. *Jord.* So.

Trick. Now this Sir *Simon* owing much money to me, and five other Merchants of *Norwich*, we have all his land in mortgage; but we being all his Fathers Friends, and having a reſpect for the Son, are willing to do him all the good we can; and therefore do underhand manage the buſineſs ſo, combining with the ſaid Sir *Simon*, that the Mortgages and Engagements ſhall not appear to endamage his Marriage.

Clev. Well, Sir. *Cur.* Now comes the deſign.

Trick. So that Sir *Simon* may, beſides the portion he is to have with his wife, take up of his Father-in-Law (who we hear is a mony'd man) as much money as will pay all his debts, and engage to him his land before engag'd to us. *Jord.* O dainty Rascals!

Cur. And then ſhall your Mortgage ſtart up and take it from him.

Clev. So ſhall the Son cheat the Father-in Law, and the Father have no remedy for it.

Trick. Yes, Sir, and this may eaſily be done, for Mr. *Jorden* is but a half-witted fellow. *Jord.* Oh, is he ſo, Rascal?

Trick. The ſaid Land paſſes already currant for the joynture, tho' mannag'd by his Brother in the Country, who is not much wiſer than himſelf. *Jord.* Very good.

Trick. Now, Gentlemen, this Sir *Simon* being alſo a man of a thick ſcull, and not ſo ſentible of his own good, as he ought to be; & and the other five Merchants do deſire of Mr. Doctor, to perſwade Sir *Si-*

mon to strike up the Match, and be married before he enter into his course of Physick, that the design so well laid may not take wind, and miscarry by his folly and want of discretion.

Cur. And for this piece of service, your-self and those other five Merchants do reward me with an hundred pounds, to be demanded the day after the marriage.

Trick. I do here before these Gentlemen promise and engage my self for the true and just payment of it, and will moreover treat these Gentlemen with a dinner of five pound. *Cur.* How are you call'd?

Trick. My name is *William Webster*, Merchant of Stuffs in *Norwich*.

Jord. Then, I say, *William Webster* of *Norwich*, and the rest of his Merchant Combiners are knaves, ha, ha, he, bear witness Gentlemen—ha, ha, he,——

Trick. Gentlemen, you'l not discover, I hope.

Clev. No, no friend, you have made discovery enough.

Jord. Pray tell Sir *Simon*, my Daughter shall not be a beggar to be a Lady; there are more Knights Baxons in the World.

Trick. Mr. Doctor, is this Mr. *Jorden*?

Cur. The very man, now, I think on't. *Trick.* Oh dire mischance!

Jord. Come, Sir, pay your hundred pound, Mr. Doctor has done your business for you—ha, ha, he.

Trick. Well, Sir *Simon* is an undone man, and so I'll go tell him.

Jord. And when you find him, tell him too he may e'en go like a fool as he came—ha, ha, he.

Trick. This after game was well plaid.

[*Aside.*]
[*Exit Trickmore.*]

Jord. A half-witted fellow! ha, ha, he.

Cur. How blank will Sir *Simon* and the rest look when they hear this news. *Clev.* I fear he is more knave than fool.

Cur. Mr. *Jorden*, I am glad I have serv'd you in so important an affair; I must leave my friend to visit a Lady of great Quality that has sent for me.

Clev. And I am heartily sorry, I cannot stay till Sir *Simon* comes, to see the upshot of the business, for come he will if he misses this fellow.

Cur. Your servant, Mr. *Jorden.* *Clev.* Your servant, Sir.

Jord. Your servant, Mr. Doctor: Your servant, Mr. *Cleverwit*.

[*Cleverwit and Cureal exeunt severally.*]

Enter to Old Jorden, Young Jorden.

Jord. Oh, Sir, are you here? I have found out all your intrigue with Mrs. *Marina*, you are the man in her books, are you?

Y. Jord. Only in that one thing I am happy.

Jord. But you must think no more of her.

Y. Jord. Not think of her! *Jord.* No, Sir.

Y. Jord. It is impossible.

Jord.

Jord. You must resign your interest. *Y. Jord.* To no man living.

Jord. To me. *Y. Jord.* Not, while I have life.

Jord. She is to be my wife. *Y. Jord.* Not with my consent.

Jord. I have her Fathers good liking.

Y. Jord. And I have the Daughters.

Jord. She must submit to her Father's will, and you to mine.

Y. Jord. Love is subject to no Laws but its own; when that is in dispute, all respect to power and authority is laid aside.

Jord. I shall make you know me.

Y. Jord. He that loves well, dares all threats defie.

Jord. You will then be meddling in my concerns.

Y. Jord. No, Sir, 'tis you meddle with mine, I lov'd her first.

Jord. And you shall quit her first. *Y. Jord.* Quit her?—never—

Jord. I'll force you, saucy *Jack*. *Y. Jord.* You cannot.

Jord. I'll try that.

[*Jorden offers to strike Y. Jorden. Enter to them Jaques.*

Jaq. Oh Maitre, Maitre *Jorden*, vat do you mean?

Y. Jord. I laugh at your anger.

Jord. You shall cry at my anger.

[*Jorden offers to strike.*

Jaq. O maitre, maitre *Jorden*? *Jord.* Let me come to him.

Jaq. O fee, fee, fader beat te great son, vat, vat, be te difference? make me te judge, me pass me parol to make te reconciliation.

Jord. You shall hear Mr. *Jack*.

Jaq. But stand you two at more great distance: So now me ain to be te judge: so, hum, hum, speak te fader now: Be no dat ver just to bid te fader speak before te son.

Jord. I love Mrs. *Marina*, and have intentions to marry her, and my son here in spight of my teeth says he will love her.

Jaq. Spit in your teet, no good fashione: he be too blame ver much.

Jord. Is't not an insolence in a son to contend with his father?

Jaq. A ver great injure.

Jord. Ought he not to forbear his pretensions to shew me respect?

Jaq. You have te grand reason: let me go speak to him, and stand you dere.

Y. Jord. Well, since he hath made you judge, I am content to refer the matter to you.

[*Jaques goes to Y. Jorden at the other end of the stage.*

Jaq. You do me te ver great honour.

Y. Jord. I was first in league with Mrs *Marina*, she makes kind returns to my affection; and with tenderness receives the offers of my love; and my father comes to disturb our peace with his pretensions.

Jaq. A ver great injure.

Y. Jord. Is it not very unreasonable to desire she should love him against

gainst her inclination, ought he not rather to quit his design?

Jaq. You have the reason, let me now speak to your fader. Have you no more to say, but dat you love te Gentlewoman? [*To Jorden.*]

Jord. Yes, I have her Fathers consent, and he is utterly against my sons marrying his daughter. *Jaq.* Ver good.

Jord. Ought she not to be obedient to her father?

Jaq. Oh without doubt. Let me speak to your son. Your fader do say he has te consent of her fader. [*To Y. Jorden.*]

Y. Jord. But I have the consent of the Daughter.

Jaq. Auh dat be 'gen te ver good reason?

Y. Jord. Is it not a great injustice in him to cause her father to force her to marry one she does not love?

Jaq. Oh without doubt, dat be ver injuste. Now let me have te consideration how to do justice: te cause be ver difficult. [*He studies*]

Auh, you love te Gentlewoman? *Y. Jord.* Yes.

Jaq. And she do love you? *Y. Jord.* Yes.

Jaq. And she vill marre you? *Y. Jord.* Yes.

Jaq. O vat remedy? vel, stay you dere——

Vell, Sir, your Zon be no so obstinate as you do tink, he do submit to you, and say vat he did tell you, vas in his great indignation, and dat he vill give you te Maitrefs, provide dat you vill treat him ver vell for te future; and let him have some little part of your Estate, dat he may live liket Zon of Monsieur *Jordane*, and marre some Gentilwoman dat be young, handsome, and rich.

Jord. Well, tell him he may have any thing hereafter, and except *Marina*, he is at liberty to choose whom he will.

Jaq. O, let me mannage te affair—[*Goes to Y. Jorden*] Your fader have te more discretion den you imagine, he say dat te fashione of your discourse put him in te grand colore, and dat he vill give te consent to vat you desire, provide dat you give te promise for te future to be te ver good Zon, and render to his person te respect and submission tat one Zon ow to te fader.

Y. Jord. You may assure him, that granting *Marina*, he obliges me for ever to submit my self intirely to him, and henceforward his will shall be a law to all my actions.

Jaq. Oh so tis affair be dispatch.

[*To Jorden.*]

Jord. As I could wish.

Jaq. Te league be conclude: [*To Y. Jorden.*] He be content with vat you do promise. *Y. Jord.* Oh my kind Stars be thank'd.

Jaq. Now ye may make discourse tegeader agen; ye se how soon te man of discretion make te accommodation.

Y. Jord. I am much oblig'd to you.

Jaq. Not at all vor vat me do, me be your humble serviteur.

Jorden.

Jord. You have done well Master *Jaques*: there is a reward for you.

[*Gives him money.*]

Jaq. Me kifs your hand Maitre *Jordane*. [*Jorden, Jaques Exeunt.*]

Enter Trickmore and Cureal to Young Jorden.

Trick. I am now *Trickmore* again, and ready to receive Sir *Simon* if he come this way: I will proceed to sow such jealousies between the Father and the Son-in-Law, that shall make 'em both draw contrary ways. Yonder he comes, be gone.

[*Y. Jorden and Cureal exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Simon singing.

Sir Sim. *Of folly or of melancholy,*
Of folly or of melancholy, — coco — coco — coco.

Trick. What mean you by this Sir *Simon*?

Sir Sim. All I see seems Clysters to me. *Trick.* How!

Sir Sim. You know not what has hapned since I parted from you.

Trick. No, what is't?

Sir Sim. I thought I should have been treated according to my Quality. *Trick.* And well. —

Sir Sim. And I was left by that Gentleman in the hands of two fellows cloathed in black, Physicians I suppose they were, who set me in a trap-chair, felt my pulse, shak'd their noddles, cry'd ah! is't so? he's a fool, he's a fool: then did these two buffle headed talkative fellows in broad brim'd hats speak nonsense for an hour, till my patience was wearied; then entered such a consort of Musick, as if they had play'd a flourish for the entry of Devils; but were followed by half a dozen Anticks singing, and dancing with Syringes and Clysters in their hands, that they made me almost out of my wits; when with much ado by the help of a Pocket Pistol, I got from 'em, they all discharg'd at me: see, am I not all beclyster'd? *Trick.* Indeed you have an odd smell about you.

Sir Sim. Oh my imagination is filled with 'em, every thing I see me-thinks is a Clyster.

Trick. How deceitful is the outside! I thought that Gentleman the sincerest of your Friends. *Sir Sim.* A very Rascal.

Trick. This is one of my wonderments, is't possible there should be such knavery in the world? *Sir Sim.* I think that is the house.

Trick. According to my promise I came, thinking to have found you there, but I have knock'd this half hour, and the Devil of any body can I make answer, the doors and windows are all shut close, as if no body was in the house.

Sir Sim. The Rogues thought it time to be gone. Ever since I made my escape, I have been enquiring to find out Mr. *Jorden*; I am told he lives

lives in this street, and I am glad I have met with you, that you may help me to find his house. *Trick*. So, so, I smell you out. *Sir Simon*.

Sir Sim. Smell me? Aye so may any body: a pox on these Rogues and their Clysters.

Trick. I mean I know your design of enquiring out Mr *Jorden*, you have a months mind to his Daughter, I warrant.

Sir Sim. Yes, I come to Town on design to marry her.

Trick. To marry her? *Sir Sim*. Yes. *Trick*. Indeed to marry her.

Sir Sim. Aye, for what else do you think?

Trick. Nay, then 'tis another matter, and I crave your pardon.

Sir Sim. What mean you by this? *Trick*. Nothing Sir.

Sir Sim. Pray tell. *Trick*. Nothing, nor I, I spoke a little too hastily.

Sir Sim. Pray let me know what was in your mind.

Trick. It is not at all convenient. *Sir Sim*. Nay, pray out with it.

Trick. By no means, indeed you must excuse me.

Sir Sim. Then I see you are not the man I took you for, I thought you had been my Friend. *Trick*. No man more.

Sir Sim. You ought not then to conceal any thing from me.

Trick. It is a matter in which is concern'd the interest of a Neighbour.

Sir Sim. To oblige you to open your heart, take this Ring and wear it for my sake.

Trick. Let me think a little whether I may do it in conscience. 'Tis a man who seeks his own good, who endeavours to provide for his Daughter, as advantageously as he can. I ought to injure no man. These things are known truths: And then I go about to discover to a man that is ignorant of them. 'Tis forbidden to speak ill of our Neighbour.

Sir Sim. Not to interrupt you, there's Gold, by my soul you shall keep it: Now pray go on.

Trick. But on the other side, here is a stranger he would surprize, and one who comes with a good intent to marry his Daughter, whom he knows not, nor ever saw; a Gentleman free and courteous, for whom I have a kindness, who does me the honour to esteem me his Friend; reposes confidence in me, who gives me a Ring to wear for his sake, and Gold. Well, I find I can tell you all without scruple of conscience. But I'll take care to tell you as blamelessly as I can, and to spare the person as much as may be. To tell you then, this Daughter of his lives dishonestly would be too harsh; I'll find some milder term to express my meaning; to say she's gallanted is not enough, but I think it will suit well with my meaning, to say she is a naughty pack; and may serve to let you know truly what she is.

Sir Sim. Oh, oh, they take me then for a Coaks.

Trick. It may be she is not so bad as the talk goes, and since there are

some young women that expose themselves to censure by taking too much liberty, not thinking their honour and reputation depends—

Sir Sim. I thank you, Sir, I will not be in the Turkish fashion, and go with a crescent above my brows, I love to walk without being pointed at. *Trick.* Well, Sir, but you are resolv'd to give 'em a visit.

Sir Sim. On purpose to let 'em see how they are deceived.

Trick. Well, Sir, I'll wait on you to the door, have a care, she's very handsome, and beauty is a sort of witchcraft.

Sir Sim. Let me alone, I warrant you.

Trick. At your return you shall find me here about.

[*Trickmore, Sir Simon exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter a Boy and Sir Simon followed by Jorden.

Boy. **B**E pleas'd to walk in there, Sir, my Master will come presently, *Jord.* Where, where is the Gentleman would speak with me?

Sir Sim. Your servant, Sir, are you Mr. *Jorden*?

Jord. So I am call'd, Sir. *Sir Sim.* And I am Sir *Simon Softhead.*

Jord. In good time.

Sir Sim. Do you think, Mr. *Jorden*, we *Suffolk* men are Fools?

Jord. And do you think, Sir Knight, that we Londoners are Gulls?

Sir Sim. Do you imagine that such a man as I am, is so put to't for a wife?

Jord. And do you believe that such a woman as my Daughter is so in want of a Husband?

Enter to them Lucia.

Luc. I am inform'd Father, Sir *Simon* is come: this is he without doubt, my heart tells me so; what a comely person! how well shap'd! what a bone meen, and gentile carriage he has! Oh how content I am you have made choice of such a man to be my Husband.

Jord. Soft and fair, Daughter. *Sir Sim.* How coming she is.

Jord. I would fain know, Sir *Simon*, what wind brings you hither?

Luc. Indeed Father I am so pleas'd with Sir *Simon*, he's one of the comeliest and most courtly persons!

Sir Sim. She's on fire already: Ha, 'tis a pretty little loving Fool. [Aside.]

Luc. You know what interest you have here, Sir *Simon*, you need not make your self so much a stranger.

Jord. Daughter stand off, keep from him I bid you.

Sir Sim. What a liquorish baggage 'tis, she'd have me salute her.

Jord.

Jord. I would fain know for what reason, and please you, you,——

Luc. Ah my dear, *Sir Simon.* *Jord.* Again! the wench is mad.

Luc. Will you not permit me to exprels a kindness to the man you have determin'd to be my husband?

Jord. No, get you up into your chamber.

Luc. Let me but stay and look at him. *Sir Sim.* Ah pure wheedle.

Jord. Get you in, I say. *Luc.* I'd stay here, if you please.

Sir Sim. A cunning slut how she gleggs at me.

Jord. Get you in once more, or—— *Luc.* Well, I go then.

Jord. Are you not gone yet?

Luc. When is it, Sir, we are to be married?

Jord. Never: let that serve your turn.

Sir Sim. How her chops water at me!

Luc. But you have promis'd I should be his Wife.

Jord. If I promis'd you, I unpromise you.

Sir Sim. She's agog for me: She sings loth to depart.

Luc. But if we will, who can hinder it?

Jord. Why I'll hinder it, and take notice I forbid the banns. My Daughter's bewitch'd, I think.

Sir Sim. Well, our good Father-in-law that was to have been, don't trouble your self, I have no such maw to your Daughter. This won't do: ha, ha, he, who put it into your head that *Sir Simon Softhead* was a man to buy a pig in a poke, and wants wit enough to inform himself how squares go, and one that would so soon be drawn into the noose of matrimony without being well assured it would be safe for his reputation, ha, ha, he, he's no such fool as you take him for, I'll assure you.

Jord. I know not what you mean by this; but how came you to have such a conceit in your head, that *Mr. Jorden* had no more brains in's skull, and consider'd his daughters good no more, than to marry her to a man who has you know what, and was put you know where, and to you know who, to be cured against you know when?

Sir Sim. Come, come, Sir, I know what you mean, but that's a lye, I am as sound and as well as you, or any man living.

Jord. Well, well, some body that knows some body, told some body, tho' that some body must tell no body.

Sir Sim. That some body is a lying Rogue; I am a Gentleman every half inch of me, and I'll make it appear with sword in hand, I'll justifie my reputation, here, or on any ground in *England*.

Jord. Well, Sir, I have a sword too in my house, am a Gentleman, and may in time too be a Knight; and will tell you here, or on any ground in *England*, that, what I know, I know; nor am I to be couzened with Land Mortgag'd already to *Normich* Merchants to pay debts, not I, Sir.

Sir Sim. What mortgage? what land? what debts? what *Norwich* Merchants? ha, ha, he.

Jord. Come, come, dissembling won't do, all's out, I am not to be chous'd out of my money, nor wheedled to pay Creditors, no, Sir.

Sir Sim. What Creditors, ha Sir? do you know, Sir?

Enter T. Jorden.

T. Jord. Who's this with a drawn Sword against my Father, and he unarm'd? Come, Sir, make me your adversary.

Sir Sim. You are his Hector, are you? *T. Jord.* I am his Son, Sir?

Sir Sim. That is more than I will be, I assure you.

T. Jord. And will vindicate his cause with the last drop of my blood.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, your servant; fare you well Bully-Ruffian.

T. Jord. I'll be so civil to wait on you to the door.

Exit Sir Simon, Young Jorden, after him with his drawn sword, clash without.

Enter Cureal.

Cur. Oh Mr. Jorden, Mr. Jorden!

Jord. What, Mr. Doctor, what's the matter?

Cur. Such news, such joyful news! *Jord.* What, what is it?

Cur. I have made such haste hither, I scarce have breath left to tell it you. *Jord.* Oh dear Mr. Doctor!

Cur. The Lady I went to, when I parted from you, entreats the favour of me to recommend some Lodgings to her: now it presently came into my mind, that you have a house spacious and well furnished, fit to receive a Lady of great Quality. *Jord.* What, I let Lodgings?

Cur. O no, dear friend, you mistake me: whereupon, that you might have an occasion to court and be acquainted with this Lady, said I to her, I have a friend, a very good friend, called Mr. Jorden, at which word she started, who will do me the honour to give you, or any friend of mine an apartment in his house, and there, Madam, you will be treated very honourably, and receiv'd with much respect and gallantry.

Jord. I am oblig'd to you. But what I pray was the reason she started when she heard my name?

Cur. At that time, Madam (said I) you seem surpris'd: and then she blush'd, and her colour went and came, and came and went. Then I proceeded: Madam does the name offend you? I must confess (said she) I know some reason to wish I had never heard the name, nor seen the man; yet have I not so much power not to see him again, and it was my desire the Lodging you were to provide me should be near that persons house; but pray make no more words on't, said she; then blush'd again, and turn'd away and sigh'd.

Jord. What meant all this?

Cur. Nay, Sir, it is no riddle: what think you?

Jord.

Jord. I vow to you I cannot guess unless it be love.

Cur. You'll ne'er be counted a Conjuror for telling this, tho' it is a most undoubted truth. *Jord.* Well, Sir, and will she come?

Cur. Come Sir? she can't help it, there is no resisting the influence of our stars. Lord! Mr. *Jorden*, that you should have such prodigious luck. *Jord.* Is she very rich? *Cur.* Rich? what is she think you?

Jord. A Lady. *Cur.* A Lady? *Jord.* A Countess. *Cur.* More.

Jord. A Marquess. *Cur.* A Marchioness you mean, more, Sir, more.

Jord. A Dutchess. *Cur.* More than all that.

Jord. More than a Dutchess? what is she then?

Cur. A Princess, Sir. *Jord.* A Princess, Mr Doctor?

Cur. Mum, Mr. *Jorden*: ha, is no body near? let me see: have we no listeners. Aye, Mr. *Jorden*, a Princess, I say to you she is a Princess.

Jord. I'll lay my life now at last the jest of it is that her name is Princess.

Cur. No, Sir, she is a Princess by birth, her Quaality is Princess.

Jord. Indeed!

Cur. I knew her in hanging-sleeves, I was Physician to her Father while I was in Germany.

Jord. She is then Daughter to one of the Princes in Germany.

Cur. Right, she is a German Princess; I taught her English when I was there, and she has since marvellously improv'd her self in our Language. *Jord.* I am glad she understands English.

Cur. Admirably well. *Jord.* Will she come to night?

Cur. Immediately; her Coach was at her door when I came. But be sure you give her no ground to apprehend you know her Quality, for she is here incognito, and will not be known till all her train and attendants come over, which will be very suddenly; therefore what you do, you must do quickly, for then she'll be for Court.

Jord. I'll make good use of the opportunity.

Cur. Besides should you not declare your love till after you know her Quality, she may think it is but ambition, and that you are more enamour'd of her quality than person.

Jord. I'll assure you, most dear friend, and divine Doctor, I will lose no time.

Cur. Well, Sir, but pray let me not lose the title of Doctor of Physick for that of Divinity.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Oh, Maitre *Jorden*, here be te ver fine Lady in te great glafs Carroach, enquire for Dr. *Cureal*. *Cur.* 'Tis she: Prepare, Sir.

Jord. I dare be bold, now you Mr. Doctor have felt her pulse for me.

Cur. Be not too ceremonious, but behave your self as if she was but what she seems, a Gentlewoman.

Enter

Enter Betty Trickmore.

Cur. Madam, this is Mr. Jorden, Master of the house, and my worthy friend.

Jord. Oh, I had like to have forgot. Madam, a little nearer, I pray.

B. Trick. Sir?

Jorden runs to salute her; turns his back and goes a good way, and advances, making three congies, finds himself too far off, and beckons her to come nearer.

Jord. One step nearer, and please you: So, you are welcome, Madam, as I may say. Oh she kisses like a Queen! [Aside.]

B. Trick. I presume upon Mr. Doctors score of friendship to give you the trouble of being your guest some few days.

Jord. Madam, it is to me a great glory to see my self so fortunate, as to be so happy to have the good luck, that you should have the bounty to do me such a grace, as to afford me the honour, to honour me with the favour of your good company. And that——

Cur. Mr. Jorden, you have done well, this Lady loves not much ceremony, she knows you are a man of wit and parts. [low to Betty Trickmore] 'Tis as good a ridiculous Cit as e'er was seen.

B. Trick. He is a very farce, nothing but ridicule.

Cur. Believe me, Madam, this Gentleman is one of the best friends.

Jord. You do me too great an Honour.

Cur. As gallant a man as lives.

B. Trick. I have no small esteem for him.

Jord. I have not yet done any thing, Madam, to merit this Grace, but if your Ladyship please to command me any service, your Grace shall find I have such an inclination to serve your Highness, that it should be impossible for any man, were you a Princess ten times o'er.

Cur. Hold. B. Trick. What means Mr. Jorden?

Cur. Have a care what you say.

Jord. I vow, Madam, I forgot, and I beg your Princely pardon.

B. Trick. I understand not Mr. Jorden's discourse.

Cur. You will spoil all.

Jord. Ha: O Lord, Madam, if I have offended you, I cry your Highness mercy. Cur. Again, fie, fie, Mr. Jorden.

Jord. I vow it was out before I was aware.

B. Trick. Mr. Jorden is too great a Courtier.

Cur. I hope, Madam, you'll not be offended, it is a custom he has got to give the title of Princess and Queen to all Ladies that are extraordinary fair and beautiful, because like Princesses and Queens they rule, command, and are adored.

Jord. Had I not been interrupted, you are so very beautiful, I should have run on till I had call'd you Emperour and great Turk.

Cur.

Cur. How, *Mr. Jorden*? Empress and Sultaneſs you mean.

Jord. Paugh, a man in love minds not what,—— I ſhould have call'd you Cherubin and Arch angel, ere I had done.

B. Trick. Are you then in love, *Mr. Jorden*?

Jord. There I am caught again. Who I? no Madam, not I.

Cur. What do you mean to deny it now? *B. Trick.* I am not well.

Cur. Do you ſee what you have done?

Jord. Yes, yes, Madam, I am in love, I am in love.

B. Trick. Indeed? ah me.

[*She ſwoons.*

Cur. She ſwoons, run for ſome ſpirits. *Jord.* Help, help.

Cur. Stay, ſhe revives.

[*Revives.*

Jord. I am in love, Madam, I aſſure you.

[*Faints again.*

B. Trick. Ah. *Jord.* Help, help.

Enter Lucia, a Gentlewoman, and a Page with a little Cabinet.

Luc. What out-cry is this?

Jord. Oh Daughter, help, the Lady ſwoons.

Woman. O my dear Prin——, my dear Miſtreſs.

Jord. Dear Prin—— O have I caught you tripping too.

B. Trick. Hy ho. *Cur.* How do you, Madam?

B. Trick. Pretty well, Mr. Doctor, I thank you.

Jord. Madam, here is my Daughter come to wait on you.

B. Trick. Her company perfects my recovery. [*Betty Trickmore and Lucia ſalute*] How wondrous pretty ſhe is, ſhe's ſo like you *Mr.*

Jorden, I muſt needs ſalute her once more.

Cur. Obſerve that, like you, and kiſſes her again.

Luc. Madam, you are all obliging, and I merit nothing of this favour.

Woman. Madam, here is the Cabinet you committed to my care.

B. Trick. *Mr. Jorden*, in this trunk is all my preſent concern, will you pardon me, if I requeſt the trouble of you to ſee it ſafe lockt up.

Jord. I'll take care of it my ſelf, and put it into my Iron cheſt, where I keep my own little treaſure.

B. Trick. You ſhall ſee what it contains; look you, Sir, here is a ſmall parcel of Gold, ſome fix thouſand pounds, with ſome triſſ g Jewels to the value of about two thouſand pounds more, not worth your ſeeing.

Cur. *Mr. Jorden* will ſee 'em carefully diſpos'd of.

Jord. They ſhall be forth-coming when you pleaſe.

B. Trick. I have twelve thouſand pound more to receive of the Banquers next week, for ſome friends of mine, alas I am not worth near ſo much.

Jord. That is becauſe I ſhould not think her a perſon of great Quality, I underſtand her wheedle.

B. Trick.

B. Trick. Mr. Doctor, I find my self very drowfie.

Cur. Your spirits, Madam, are faint, and weak : retire a while to your Chamber, one half hours repose will much refresh and enliven you.

B. Trick. Woman, where are you ?

Jord. Madam, my Daughter shall wait on you too.

B. Trick. It were a disease to part with her, nothing I'll assure you can delight me more than her company.

Luc. You are pleas'd to esteem it.

B. Trick. Page, wait on Mr. *Jorden* with my Cabinet.

Jord. Mr. Doctor, I'll wait on you immediately.

[*Betty Trickmore, Lucia and Woman exeunt.*]

Enter to Cureal Young Jorden and Jaques.

T. Jord. 'Tis well you give me timely notice of the deceit. I wonder'd indeed at my Fathers sudden change.

Jaq. Te reconciliation was good for te present, you give me your pardon. *T. Jord.* You did very well.

Jaq. Your servant.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Cur. All things succeed wonderfully.

T. Jord. The grand Masque is ready, the Play-house has furnish'd us rarely with habits ; the Masquerade seems a little burlesque, but 'twill pass upon him, it hits his humour so right.

Cur. What with his love for *Marina*, and his ambition for our German Princess, his brain is so unsettled, he cannot frame a judgment so much as whether a thing be possible, or not ; much less discern 'twixt probabilities and improbabilities.

Enter Jorden.

T. Jord. Sir, I have had remorse of conscience for contending with you for *Marina*, but to make a perfect amends, and to gain your pardon entirely, I have us'd all my endeavours to perswade her to love you : and, Sir, I have so prevailed that she has promised her Father, she will be your wife, if you demand it of her to night.

Jord. Ha, to night ? I am busie.

T. Jord. I am sorry for it, for her father has given her leave to make a vow never to be your wife unless you consummate the marriage this very night. *Jord.* Doctor, what do you advise me to ?

Cur. To think of the Princess.

Jord. But does she love me think you ?

Cur. She swoounded, when you said you did not love.

Jord. Yes, and when I said I did, too.

Cur. She was then possess'd with jealousy, that you lov'd some other Lady : you may, Mr. *Jorden*, let a Princess dye for you ; but it will not be done like a Gentleman.

Jord. No, won't it be like a Gentleman ! Well, Son, let 'em know
if

if they are in such haste, they may do as they please.

Y. Jord. Will you not go to her, Sir?

Jord. I have other fish to catch. You may tell Mrs. *Marina*, they that will not when they may, and so forth.

Y. Jord. After this night you will have no hopes.

Jord. There or in another place. What, marriage is a matter of moment, and I will first consult with my pillow.

Y. Jord. I am sorry you are so much disgusted.

Jord. It may be, anon I may send my man to 'em, and it may be not.

[Exit Young Jorden.]

Cur. I have business that way, if you please I'll serve you in that occasion, and tell 'em your mind. *Jord.* Pray do.

Cur. Your servant.

[Exit Cureal.]

Enter Trickmore and Jaques.

Jaq. There be Maitre *Jorden*.

Trick. Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you.

Jord. Nor I the like to you, Sir.

Trick. I remember I have seen you at my Fathers, when we were Children, your Father used to bring you sometimes to our house; you was the prettiest sweet babe, the women did love to get you upon their knees, and kiss you. *Jord.* Kiss me!

Trick. Your Father and mine were great Cronies. *Jord.* Indeed!

Trick. I am sorry to hear he is dead, he was a very honest Gentleman.

Jord. How say you, Sir?

Trick. I say he was a very honest Gentleman.

Jord. What, my Father? *Trick.* Yes, as liv'd.

Jord. And you knew him very well? *Trick.* I did Sir,

Jord. And you knew him to be a Gentleman? *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. Then I know not how the world goes. *Trick.* Why, Sir?

Jord. All the world knew him to be but a Shop-keeper.

Trick. He a Shop-keeper? *Jord.* Yes, a Mercer, was he not?

Trick. He a Mercer? what because he was very obliging, and officious, and because he had great skill in silks, went up and down and bought 'em, and had 'em sent home to his house, and gave 'em to his friends and acquaintance for their money; therefore he was a Shop-keeper, was he?

Jord. I always thought him a Shop-keeper: but I am glad to understand from you that my Father was a Gentleman.

Trick. He was, and I'll maintain it.

Jord. I am oblig'd to you for it.

Trick. Since I saw him (good Gentleman) which is now about twenty years, I have travelled almost o'er all the world.

Jord. O'er all the world?

Trick. Yes, Sir, o'er all the world.

Jord. 'Tis a great way thither.

Trick. It is but four days since I have been in Town after my long travels, and to morrow or next day I am to depart again.

Jord. Your own Country, after so long an absence, should methinks be too dear to you to part again so soon.

Trick. A mans Country is where he can make his fortune, I am lately got into a great employ. *Jord.* What, I pray?

Trick. I am now the great Turks English Interpreter, and have been so this fortnight.

Jord. Are you come so far as from *Turkey* in a fortnight?

Trick. Oh, Sir, the great Turk is here. *Jord.* What, in *England*?

Trick. Aye, Sir, he is here. *Jord.* Here? what in *London*?

Trick. Aye, Sir, and in this house.

Jord. The great Turk in my house?

Trick. Yes, and a great train with him.

Jord. In my house? in this house?

Trick. In this very house; he is come to visit a Lady that is newly come hither, and to take his leave of her.

Jord. How came he to know her, and that she was here?

Trick. He grew acquainted with her in *Germany*; and at her old lodgings they informed us of her remove, which I was glad to hear; for by this means I have an opportunity to pay my respects to you, Sir, whom I honour for your fathers sake.

Jord. But pray, Sir, how came the great Turk to be in Christendom?

Trick. Do not you remember you had the news some while since that the great Turks Brother was taken by a Squadron of the French-fleet, as he was sailing to *Meeha*, to pay his devotions at *Mahomet's* Shrine?

Jord. I heard that indeed.

Trick. The King of *France* generously restor'd him to liberty, and he since that time has travell'd over most part of Christendom, and is now come to *England*; but since his arrival at *London*, which is now but two days, news is come that his Brother who was the Sultan, is dead, and he is to succeed him in his Empire, which occasions his sudden departure, for to morrow, or next day, he is to set sail for *Turkey*, attended with a Squadron of the Kings Frigats, which his Majesty sends to be his Convoy.

Enter a Turk.

Turk. Ebbim, acha halif ulabalechi.

Trick. *Alman bochin.* Mr. *Jorden*, I am commanded to go about some affairs, but I'll wait on you again before my great Lord the Sultan turns his posteriors to the front of your Palace.

[*Exeunt Turk and Trickmore.*

Jord.

Jord. Your servant, Mr. Interpreter, Mr. *Jack*, where is this great Turk? *Jaq.* Above vid te Lade. *Jord.* Who showed him up?

Jaq. Her Shentilewoman.

Jord. Ha! he smells her out to be a Princess, he is my Rival: go fetch me my long Sword and Pumps. *Jaq.* Ha, vat do you mean?

Jord. Ne'er a great Turk in Christendom shall rob me of my Princess.

Jaq. Ho Princess! my Maitre be troubled in te esprete.

Jord. He is my Rival, and I'll fight him.

Jaq. You fight te great Turk?

Jord. I'll challenge him, and kill him by the trick I learnt to day.

Jaq. Oh he have te grand train vit te Cemiter dat vil sa, sa, sa, cut off te head, and te arm at one blow.

Jord. Well then, I will play the Polititian: the Dialogue we omitted at dinner, in hopes this would have prov'd mine or my Daughters wedding-night, shall be performed by way of Cerenade, and I will plant my self below o'er against the Balcony; and if I espie his Turkship making any courtship to her, I will put my self into a posture of terrour, and look so grum upon the matter, that he shall think me a Devil or a Rival. [*Exeunt Jorden and Jaques.*

Enter Trickmore and Young Jorden.

Y. Jord. Does Sir *Simon* then believe he has kill'd me?

Trick. I put him into a fear that he has done you some mischief so soon as I disingag'd him from you at the door; for I got his sword out of his hand, and cut my finger with it, and bloodied the point, which much supriz'd him; then I hurried him away in great haste to that house, where I caused some persons to come and report the news of your death, which has put him into such fear, that he is resolv'd to leave the Town in disguise to avoid being apprehended.

Y. Jord. By that means we shall get quit of him.

Trick. The posture our affairs are in at present, do not much seem to require his absence, therefore I have contriv'd a defeat, and will keep him yet in play. I have set another Springe, which if it catch the Woodcock, 'twill hold him fast. [*Exeunt Young Jorden and Trickmore.*

Enter Mr. Jorden, Musick, two Shepherds and a Shepherdess.

Jord. Musick, plant your selves under that Window, away with it smartly and briskly: so, this has allarm'd 'em to the Balcony. Now you to your Dialogue, and I to my posture.

Cleverwit in Turks habit with Betty Trickmore and Lucia appear in the Balcony. Jorden stands making grimaces all the while the Song is sung.

Two Shepherds, and a Shepherdess betwixt 'em sing.

1 Man. A heart in loves Empire, tho' jocund and blyth.
From cares, and from fears can never be free:

'Tis said that with pleasure we languish and sigh;
But for all can be urg'd, there's nothing can be
So pleasant, so pleasant as our libertie.

2 Man. None are more happy, nor none are more blest
Than whom Love doth inspire, with a gentle, soft fire;
When both of them sigh, and neither can rest,
How pleasant their pantings, how sweet their desire!
Love is a blessing, tho' counted a pain;
For take away Love, no pleasures remain.

1 Man. To submit to Loves Law, ah sweet it would be,
If in Love we could any fidelity see:
But O Rigour extream! O fate too unkind!
A Shepherdess faithful no man can find:
And this faithless Sex so unworthy doth prove,
They ought not to live, or ought not to love.

Woman. A passion most sweet!

1 Man. Ah blest libertie!

2 Man. Sex full of deceit!

1 Man. How dear unto me!

Woman. How my heart you do ease!

2 Man. And how mine you displease!

1 Man. Ah quit thou for love this hatred so great.

Woman. A Shepherdess you,

May find that is true.

2 Man. But alas! where can she be met?

Woman. Our credits to save, my heart

I do offer——

1 Man. ——O subtle Art!

2 Man. But Shepherdess may I believe,
That it wonnot it wonnot deceive?

Woman. By experience let us try,

Who can love best you or I.

1 Man. To them that constancy want,
May the Gods ne'er their wishes grant.

All three. Let's permit the soft fire.

To enflame our desire.

Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is love,
When two hearts faithful do prove!

[Young Jorda and Marina in the Balcony are against 'em.
Mer.

Mar. He treats his new Mistress with a great deal of gallantry.

T. Jord. Now dearest *Marina*, let us ascend to your Father, he is by this time from his Window convince'd of the slight is put on you; hang about his neck, use all your little arts and pretty blandishments to gain his consent: you have powerful charms in your persuasions, such as will mollify the most rigid natures.

Mar. He does not at all dislike your person.

T. Jord. And I will induce him to consider the hopes I have of an estate, notwithstanding my fathers extravagant humour, I'll shew him what I have in present, and what more I hope from the event of this night. *Mar.* I am called. *T. Jord.* Come it is your Fathers voice.

[*They retire from the Balcony.*]

[*Jorden stands all this while in a posture, with his eyes fix'd on the Balcony.*]

Enter Mr. Jorden and Trickmore.

Trick. Sir, Mr. *Jorden*, Mr. *Jorden*, I have most advantageous news for you: My Lord and Master the Grand Seignior is mightily in love with your Daughter. *Jord.* Ha, with my Daughter! *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. With my Daughter, said you?

Trick. He has a mind to be your Son-in-Law?

Jord. The great Turk be my Son-in-Law?

Trick. Yes, Sir, he call'd me to him just now, and speaking in his own Language, said, *Acciam croe soler oueh alla Monstapbi gidelum amanabem vorabini onssere carbulath*, (That is to say) This is that fair person I yesterday saw pass along the street: This is the I languish'd for, and knew not where to find.

Jord. The Great Turk say this of my *Lucie*!

Trick. I told him she was wondrous beautiful: Then, said he, *Marababa sabem*, ah how much in love am I!

Jord. *Marababa sabem*, mean, ah how much in love am I! *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. I am beholden to you for telling me, for I could ne'er have thought that *Marababa sabem*, should signify, Ah how much in love am I! Ah this Turkish is a most admirable Language.

Trick. Much better than one could imagine; do you know what means *cacaracamouchen*? *Jord.* *Cacaracamouchen*? no.

Trick. That is to say, my pretty Pigsnie.

Jord. *Cacaracamouchen*, signify my pretty Pigsnie? *Trick.* Yes.

Jord. It is a most excellent Language: *cacaracamouchen*: my pretty Pigsnie: ah that a Turk should say so!

Trick. In fine, to tell you my whole Embassy, he is coming down to demand your Daughter in marriage, and to make you worthy to be his Father-in Law, he will make you a *Mamamouchi* which is the greatest honour and dignity among the Turks. *Jord.* A *Mamamouchi*?

Trick.

Trick. Yes, a *Mamamouchi*; that is to say, a *Paladin*, and a *Paladin* is a sort of the most ancient. In fine, a *Paladin* is a *Paladin*, and a *Paladin* and a *Mamamouchi* are all one and the same thing: nothing is more noble in the world, and you may walk cheek by Jowl with the greatest Seigniors upon earth.

Jord. The Grand Seignior honours me very much, and I beseech you conduct me to him, to kiss his hand and give him thanks.

Trick. Oh, Sir, he is coming down to you.

Jord. He come down to me?

Trick. Yes, and will instal you in the dignity; it is his custom where e'er he goes to visit, to present the Master of the house with a Turkish habit, and you will instantly have one brought to you to put on.

Jord. That will be noble.

Trick. He will consummate the marriage to night.

Jord. That will be quick dispatch.

Trick. His love cannot brook delay, within a day he departs hence, he will take you and your Daughter a-long with him to *Turkey*, if you'll go.

Jord. But all that I fear is, my Daughter should be averse to the marriage; she is a little untoward sometimes in cases of this nature.

Trick. O, but to be the Grand Seignior's wife, she to be the Sultaneß, and you a *Mamamouchi*! O she cannot refuse this. See, Sir, there comes the greatest man that walks upon the earth.

Enter Cleverwit in Turkish habit, his train carried up by three Blacks, Turkish attendants, and three Turks with Vest, Turbant, Cemiter and Shoes.

Clev. *Ambonsabim, esqui boras, Jordina, sala ma lecqui.*

Trick. That is to say, Mr. *Jorden*, may your heart be all the year round like a Rose tree full of buds. This is the manner of speaking obligingly in that Country.

Jord. I am his highness the great Turks most humble servant.

Trick. *Carigar, cambito onstin moras.*

Clev. *Onstin yoc catamalequi basum, base alla moran.*

Trick. He wishes Heaven may give you the strength of Lions, and the prudence of Serpents.

Jord. His High and mighty Highness the great Turk does me too great an honour, and I wish him all the happiness in the World.

Trick. *Off! binamen sadoc babally oracas onram.*

Clev. *Bell men.*

[*Cleverwit and attendants exeunt.*

Trick. He says these shall wait on you to cloath you in that habit, in order to the ceremony of making you a *Mamamouchi*, and for the celebrating the Rites of your Daughters Marriage.

Jord. All that in two words?

Trick.

Trick. O, Sir, the Turkish Language is very significant, much may be said in few words. But to be a *Mamamouchi*, you must be a Mahometan.

Jord. I do not much scruple to change my Religion, for any will serve my turn; but methinks it is not a Gentleman-like quality to change, tho' a man be sure of a better.

Trick. But to be a *Mamamouchi* you must be a Mahometan.

Jord. Then long live *Mahomet*.

Who stops when honour calls is but a *Lourdane*,
Honour need but to beckon Master *Jorden*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Scene draws open, discovers Cleverwit sitting in state, Lucia on his right hand, and Betty Trickmore on his left, Attendants of Turks on each side the Throne. The Musti with a Turbant stuck full of Lights, sitting at his feet.

Enter

To solemn Musick on each side of the Stage, many Turks bowing their bodies to Cleverwit. After them

Enter

Two Dervises leading in Mr. Jorden dress'd in a Turkish Vest: But without Turbant, Sash or Cemiter; follow'd by Trickmore, dancing Turks and others bearing in the Turbant, Sash and Cemiter. The Musti rises and takes Mr. Jorden to the Bottom of the Stage and Sings.

Musti.

Seti fabir

Ti respondir

Se non Sabir

Tazir, Tazir

}} Mi star Musti

}} Tigni star ti

}} Non Intendir

}} Tazir, Tazir.

Trick. He bids you hold your peace.

The Musti runs Jorden backward, sits down by him on the foot of the Throne; the Turks dance; then the Musti rises, and the Dervises hurry Jorden down to the bottom of the Stage again.

Trick. Now the Musti will demand what Religion you are of.

[Trickmore to Jorden.

Musti. Anabaptista, Anabaptista. *Derv. and Turk.* No, no, no.

Musti. Brunista, Brunista? *Derv. and Turk.* No, no, no.

Musti. Calvinista, Calvinista? *Derv. and Turk.* No, no, no.

Musti. Papista, Papista? *Derv. and Turk.* No, no, no.

Musti.

Musti. Mahometana, Mahometana.

Derv. and Turks. Hivalla, Hivalla, Hivalla.

Musti stamps. Chou, Chou, Chou.

At this the dancing Turks which stood round about him, shrink up their shoulders, and jump backward till they come to each side of the Stage; and stand in Antick postures; the Musti makes signs of invoking Mahomet.

Musti. Mahametta, Mahametta, Mahametta.

2 Derv. Mahametta, &c.

Musti.

Mahometta per Giourdina

Mi pregar, sera é Mattina

Voler far un Paladina

Dé Giourdina, de Giourdina

Dar Turbanta é dar scarcina

Con Galera é Brigantina

Per defender Palastina

Mahometta, &c.

The Dervises set the Turbant on Mr. Jorden's head, and gird him with the Sash.

Musti. Star Bon Turca Giourdina.

Trick. He tells you, you are now made a Turk.

Derv. and Turks. Hivalla, Hivalla, Hivalla.

*Jord. Hivalla, Hivalla, &c. Musti. Chou, chou, chou.**

The Musti stamps to quiet them. Jorden falls back in imitation of the Turks before.

Musti singing and dancing. Hula baba la chou, ba la baba la da..

2 Derv. and Turks. Hula baba, &c. Jord. imitates. Hula ba, &c.

Musti. Chou, chou, chou.

[The Dervises bring Jorden forward again.

Trick. Now you must answer for your self.

Musti. Ti non star Furba. Trick. He asks you if you are a Knave?

Jord. No, no, no. Musti. Ti non star Furfanta.

Trick. He asks you if you are a Paltroon. Jord. No, no, no.

Musti. Donar Turbanta, Donar Turbanta.

Derv. and Turks. Donar Turbanta, &c.

Musti. Ti star Nobile é non star fabbola

Figilar Schiabbola.

Trick. He tells you, you are ennobled, and bids you take the Cemiter. 2 Derv. and Turks. Ti star Nobile, &c.

Musti. Dara Dara.

Bastonnara Bastonnara.

2 Derv. and Turks. Dara Dara.

Here the Dervises run him back to's seat again, and the dancing Turks brandish their Cemeters about him. The Musti sits down, the Dervises stand on each band of him. The Turks dance, and at the end of the Dance make a lane, holding their Cemeters in threatening postures: the Musti and Dervises run Jorden into the middle of them.

Musti.

Musli. Non tener Hontia.

Questa star ultima affronta.

2 *Derv. and the Turks. Non tener, &c.*

Here the Musli and Turks turn round a good while as fast as they can, and the Dervises make Jorden turn round as fast: They stop on a sudden, and stand all bowing to Mr. Jorden: Then solemn Musick plays, and Cleverwit descends to Jorden, and lays both his hands on his head.

Clev. Mamamouchi, Paladin, Paladin.

Exit leading off Betty Trickmore and Lucia. The Stage clears in order: solemn Musick plays all the while.

Manent Trickmore, Jorden.

Trick. The Sultan saluted you as he went off by the Title of Mamamouchi and Paladin.

Jord. O there is a great grace in the sound of Mamamouchi.

Trick. The next thing you are to do, may it so please the illustrious Mamamouchi, is to give your Daughter in marriage to the Sultan, and to set your hand and seal to those writings are drawing within to convey your Land away.

Jord. But why must not a Mamamouchi have Land?

Trick. A Mamamouchi is the greatest honour a subject can be rais'd to, and to have Lands is not consistent with so great a Dignity, because it implies a kind of slavery and servitude. Jord. Humh.

Trick. Another reason is, they are men in great Power, and if they might be Possessors of Land, they might in time purchase whole Countries, and raise Armies of their Tenants, and become Rebels.

Jord. Humh.

Trick. And for this cause no subject of the mighty Sultans is permitted to have any inheritance of Land. You my great Master and Illustrious Mamamouchi, will have yearly coming in no less than fourscore or a hundred thousand pounds a year.

Jord. Well, my Daughter will be provided for by her Marriage, I am going a Mamamouchi into Turkey: My Son shall have my Land, and stay in England to continue the name, that after ages may know, from whence came Jonathan Jorden the great Mamamouchi.

Trick. I'll leave you to the congratulation of your friends, that will be flocking to you to salute you by your new title. [Exit Trickmore.

Jord. Jack, approach:

[Jaques laughs.

It is below me now, to give you the title of Master, I must now call thee Jack; for thou seest I am created a Mamamouchi.

Jaq. A Mam—hi, hi, hi? Jord. How now?

Jaq. Vat be you, Sir, a Mama—hi, hi, hi?

Jord. I am a Mamamouchi. Jaq. A Mamamou—hi, hi, hi?

Jord. How dares the knave laugh before a *Mamamouchi*?

Jaq. A *Mamamouchi*— hi, hi, hi?

Jord. What does the slave mean?

Jaq. Maître *Jorden* be a *Mamamouchi*— hi, hi, hi?

Jord. Grand intolerance!

Jaq. O me demand pardon of te great *Mamamouchi*— hi, hi, hi.

Jord. I will not endure this.

Jaq. Me be trouble very much, but me can no hold to see, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Slave, to see what? *Jaq.* To see, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Hold, or I'll run my fist down your throat.

Jaq. Me demand pardon on me two knee, hi, hi, hi, you are so pleasant, hi, hi, hi, tat me ne'er see te like, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Thou French Rascal!

Jaq. You be so comical, tat— hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Insufferable, intolerable, insupportable.

Jaq. Excuse me but a little, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Take warning, or by *Mahomet*, and the great Turk, thy chastisement shall be most bloody. *Jaq.* O, me have done, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Hear then. *Jaq.* Hi, hi, hi.

Jord. You *Jack* shall go with me into *Turkey*, and be my French Interpreter. *Jaq.* *Ouy Monsieur*, hi, hi, hi. *Jord.* Are you sneering again?

Jaq. Hi, hi, hi, here, Sir, beat a me, box me, buffet me, kick me, give me te bastonado; but no, hi, hi, hi, hinder me laugh, hi, hi, hi.

Jord. Then by the Turbant of a *Mamamouchi* my revenge shall cut thee off. *Jaq.* Hi, hi, hi. O, murder, murder.

Boy. Murder, murder.

Enter Young Jorden.

Y. Jord. What out-cry is this?

Boy. O my Master is *buzzzaing* the *Munsu*.

Y. Jord. Hold, Sir, what do you mean to kill him?

Jord. I have sworn by *Mahomet*, and cannot in honour come off without his head.

Jaq. O pray make te agreement, me only laugh'd out my laugh, hi, hi, hi. *Jord.* Laugh at a *Mamamouchi*?

Y. Jord. Did not Duty restrain me, I could not forbear; this strange garb and alteration will raise laughter where e'er you go.

Jord. No, I am going where a *Mamamouchi* is adored.

Y. Jord. What mean you, Sir, by *Mamamouchi*?

Jord. I mean *Paladin*, a certain kind of *Paladin*, a *Paladin* and *Mamamouchi* are all one. *Y. Jord.* A certain kind of wild beast, is it not?

Jord. I tell you, I am a *Mamamouchi*, it is a certain kind of honour amongst the Turks: In fine, had you come a little sooner, you might have seen the ceremony. *Y. Jord.* What Ceremony?

Jord.

Jord. Mabometa par Jordina. Y. Jord. What means this?

Jord. Jordina, that is to say Jorden. Y. Jord. Well, Sir.

Jord. Volar far un Paladina de Jordina. Y. Jord. How's that?

Jord. Dar turbanta con gulera. Y. Jord. What signifies this?

Jord. Per defender Palestina. Y. Jord. What mean you by all this?

Jord. Dara, dara bastonnara.

Y. Jord. Strange kind of gibberish this!

Jord. Non tener bonta questa star l'ultima affronta.

Y. Jord. I beseech your, Sir, let me but know what all this signifies.

Jord. [Sings and dances] Hon la baba la chou, ba la ba la da.

Y. Jord. Certainly, Sir, you are going distracted.

Jord. Peace, insolent, learn to behave your self with more respect to a Mamamouchi.

Y. Jord. Well, Sir, I come not to offend you, but to acquaint you, that fair Marina's Father is so incens'd against her for provoking you to quit your intentions, that he has turn'd her out of doors, and vowed in his anger never to see her face, till she has reconcil'd you to her, and is become your Wife.

Jord. My Wife! the case is altered now, I am a Mamamouchi.

Y. Jord. Sir, I was in part the occasion of her misfortune, therefore give me leave to intreat you to be kind to her.

Jord. No, she has not state nor grandeur enough in her person to be a Mamamoucha, Paladina. Here comes my Princess, ha with what a swoop and haughty mein she marches forward! Go you in and peruse the writings are drawing, and you will see what you get by my being a Mamamouchi.

Enter Betty Trickmore.

B. Trick. I come to pay the first tribute of homage to your new dignity, and to wish you much joy of the Election of your Daughter to the Grandeur of Sultanness.

Jord. [Making reverences after the Turkish mode] Madam, I wish you the strength of Serpents, and the prudence of Lions.

B. Trick. I am proud of the honour I have to be the first that comes to salute you by the title of Great and Illustrious.

Jord. Madam, I wish that you may be all the year round like a Rose-tree full of buds, that I may have the gathering them, that with the breath of Mamamouchi they may be full blown, that they may ever flourish in the Sun shine of Paladines prosperity, and that——

B. Trick. That would be an honour, Sir, too great.

Jord. Say, will they kindly admit the influence of my love?

B. Trick. Ah, can the heart of a Mamamouchi descend from the high mountain top of Honour to perch upon a Rose-tree that grows in the valley?

Jord. *Marababa sabem*, that is by way of being my own interpreter :
 Ah how in love am I ! *B. Trick.* With me ?

Jord. With thee *Cacaracamouchen* my pretty Pignic.

B. Trick. But do you love me ?

Jord. Thee and only thee by *Mahomet*.

B. Trick. After this assurance, I no longer will conceal the secret of my
 Quality, then Prince *Mamamouchi*, I am not below your love : here,
 Sir, take my hand, and know that by birth I am——

Enter Marina weeping.

Jord. Little thinks she I know already——what.

B. Trick. Prevented.

Jord. In what an unlucky minute comes she here ?

Mar. Ah, Mr. *Jorden*, is it thus you treat a harmless maid ! can you
 be so cruel after all your vows of love and proffer'd kindness to forsake
 me ? Ah, did the message of my love merit no better a return than
 scorn ? *B. Trick.* How ! what do I hear !

Jord. Puh, Madam, mind not her idle story.

B. Trick. Is it possible you should be faithless and unconstant ?

Jord. Unconstant ? no, no, it is not in my nature.

B. Trick. Do you then love her still ? ah me !

Jord. I love her : that's a good one : look you, Madam, does she
 seem fit to be a *Mamamoucha* or a *Paladina* ; no, no, 'tis you I love.

Mar. 'Twas me you did love. *Jord.* Prithce hold thy prating.

Mar. You have forsaken and undone me.

Jord. I think the wench is mad ; look you, to put you out of your
 pain, see here I bestow my hand and heart.

B. Trick. Wou'd you deceive me too ? *Jord.* I vow——

Enter Cureal.

B. Trick. Hold dissembler, let me vow first. *Jord.* Hear me.

B. Trick. I vow not to hear, nor see you this——

Jord. Hold, ah-hold, hold.

B. Trick. This half-hour——nor love you if I can help it.

[*Exit Betty Trickmore.*

Mar. Ah hapless Maid, what has fate in reserve for thee but death,
 that art abandon'd by a Father, and by a Lover forsaken ? Unkind and
 cruel man farewell, you soon shall hear that I am dead, laid in the cold
 grave, cover'd o'er with earth, and then forgotten as now forsaken.

[*Exit Marina.*

Cur. What means my friend by this sad posture ?

Jord. I vow to you, [*Jorden blubbers all the while he speaks.*

Mr. Doctor, I cannot help it ; I cannot but grieve ; I was always
 good natur'd ; I ought to pity her ; for the truth on't is I, I, I, have
 wrong'd her, poor thing !

Cur.

Cur. Truly my heart melts too, and I have brine in my eyes, I cannot but mourn to see a *Mamamouchi* weep. But the very sound of that word comforts and rejoices me. *Jord.* And so it does me.

Cur. I heard the news within, and came in haste to wish long life, continual health, and all hearts ease to my friend the Illustrious *Paladin*. Come, Sir, think no more of her, it was her own fault.

Jord. And so it was; but, Mr. Doctor, she came in the most unlucky minute. *Cur.* As how?

Jord. Just as my Princess was about to give me her hand in earnest of her heart, she belts in, and interrupts us with her whining.

Cur. Strange accident!

Jord. Had she staid but one minute longer, we had struck up the bargain. *Cur.* Indeed!

Jord. And she was just upon discovery to me who she was.

Cur. All will out, Love can keep no secrets.

Jord. She grew jealous presently, and banish'd me her presence.

Cur. But for half an hour, if she can be without your company so long. *Jord.* She had no sooner heard love named, but she flew off.

Cur. You'll have her come about again, like a bird that is scar'd, which takes a flight round, and lights just in the same place.

Jord. I long till the half hour is out, that I may be at her again.

Cur. In the mean time introduce me to the Sultan as a friend of yours, that I may give him my respects as your Son-in-Law.

Jord. Come I'll recommend you to him as my special good friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Simon in a Cloak in his Shirt, and Drawers underneath, and Trickmore.

Trick. Your cloaths stole? which way?

Sir Sim. I left 'em on the chair under the window: when I went in I found the window open.

Trick. Being a ground room it was an easie matter. Well, but I bring you good news after all; Mr. *Jorden* is no more hurt than you or I. *Sir Sim.* Nay then I care not.

Trick. I saw him go in and out at his Fathers house two or three times.

Sir Sim. Did you?

Trick. Come, now I'll carry you to your lodging, I have a friend lives at the end of this street, will make you very welcome for my sake.

Sir Sim. I thank you, Sir; I am so infinitely beholden to you.

Enter Lucia and Betty Trickmore.

B. Trick. Here they are.

Luc. I'll keep on my Mask, that *Sir Simon* may not know me.

B. Trick. Ah Gentlemen; Gentlemen! *Trick.* Ha!

B. Trick. Ah, if ye are noble Gentlemen, give protection to a distressed Virgin.

Trick.

Trick, Sir *Simon*, it is the height of gallantry, and the glory of Knighthood to succour beauty in distress. Madam, be your cause what it will, here are those will stand your champions.

Sir Sim. This adventure makes me think I am a Knight errant.

Trick. Declare fair Damsel what your disasters are, that by the knowledge of them, we may judge how capable we are to serve you.

B. Trick. My Father dying while I was an infant, deliver'd me to the care of his Brother, and in his last Will commanded me to respect my uncle, as I would have done him, had he liv'd; and there left me ten thousand pound in money, and six hundred pounds a year in Land. But the moyety to be forfeited, if I marry'd without this Uncles consent; but he covetous wretch, is now grown so inhumanely cruel, that he would sell me to one I ne'er can love, for half my portion, and force me to be his wife: This five thousand pound here in gold.

[*Opens the Cabinet.*]

Trick. Ha, gold, see, Sir *Simon.* *Sir Sim.* Gold indeed!

B. Trick. Was the price my Uncle sold me for, and this is the night I should have been forced to marry against my will: but whilst my Uncle and my intended husband were consulting about my Jointure, my Damsel and I found an opportunity, encourag'd by this Gold and these Jewels to make an escape. *Sir Sim.* A pretty adventure.

Trick. Aye, Sir *Simon*, 'twere pretty indeed, if the story would run on in adventures, till at last it ended as Romances do with a Marriage.

Sir Sim. And I the man:

Trick. Oh, 'twould be a solecism in a Romance to make the Lady distressed marry any other than the Knight had rescu'd her.

Sir Sim. Five thousand pounds in hand, and all these Jewels.

Trick. Besides you'll recover the rest. Lady, this Knight vows he will protect you not only this night, but as long as the fates permit him to draw vital breath.

B. Trick. The daughter of the deceased old *Goodhope* thanks you.

Trick. *Goodhope!* are you indeed his Daughter? *B. Trick.* The same.

Trick. I knew him well, and was one of the witnesses to the Will you speak of. Could you but get this Girl, Sir *Simon*, you would not lose your labour of coming to Town. But, Madam, who was the man your Uncle would compel you to marry?

B. Trick. One Mr. *Jorden.*

Trick. *Jorden!* 'twould be a rare revenge if you could get *Jorden's* Mistress from him.

B. Trick. But rather than be his wife, I have vowed to marry the first Gentleman that asks me the question.

Sir Sim. If I can serve you, sweet Virgin, think of no other.

Trick. Madam, I hear a noise: It may be some body coming in quest of you.

B. Trick.

B. Trick. O courteous Knight conduct me to some place where I may find a refuge. *Sir Sim.* My Arms shall be your Sanctuary.

Trick. *Sir Simon*, we'll stay now at this house, here lodges a young *Oxford* Parson of my acquaintance, and if the Lady please to let him pronounce the spell of Matrimony, she will no longer be in danger of them that pursue her. *Sir Sim.* Yonder is some body coming.

Trick. Away, Sir, with sword in hand like a valiant Hero, and stout Champion, lead off the Virgin in defiance of danger.

Sir Sim. Which thus I do.

Trick. I as your Squire, will follow with the Damsel, and guard the Gold.

[*Sir Simon*, *Betty Trickmore*, *Trickmore*, *Lucia*, *exennt.*

Enter Mr. Jorden, *Cureal*, *Young Jorden*.

Jord. There : now you are Master of my whole estate, all is your own.

[*Gives him a parchment.*

Y. Jord. This is a sad bounty, Sir, which gives me your Estate, and deprives me of your self : but must I never see you more? *Jord.* No.

Y. Jord. May I not once in ten years make a voyage to see you, Sir, at *Constantinople*?

Jord. I thought what you'd be at, but to confine you in *England*, I have settled my Estate upon you conditionally, and you forfeit it to Mr. Doctor here, if ever you travel out of the three Kingdoms.

Y. Jord. I should have been glad to have seen you in your grandeur in *Turkey*, and to have had the honour of being owned by a *Mamamouchi* for his Son, but since you will not have it so——

Jord. Look you friend, now you shall see my Sultan Son-in-Law, I know the first word will be to ask for my Daughter, therefore, Son, go see if she is dress'd, and bid her come away.

[*Exit Young Jorden.*

Enter Cleverwit, *two Dervises*, *Attendants*.

Cur. I am, may it please you mighty Sultan, an intimate friend of your noble Father-in-Law here, the new created *Mamamouchi* : I am come to pay you my profound respects and services, and to do reverence to the hem of your Vest.

Jord. Where is this Interpreter now to tell him who you are, and what it is you say? Ah you shall hear how obligingly he will answer you, where a-duce is this man gone? [*to Cleverwit*] *Strouf, strif, strof, straf*; this is a *Doc-tore*, a *Doc-tore*, a grand man with the King, a *Mamamouchi* English : Euh, I cannot make him understand me better.

Clev. Cacaracamouchen.

Jord. Aye, your *Cacaracamouchen* is dressing, dressing, I knew he would be asking for my Daughter.

[*He makes signs of dressing.*

Clev. Marababa sabem. *Jord.* Aye, and she is *Marababa sabem*.

Cur. What's that? *Jord.* He tells me, he is deeply in love.

Jaq. [*Within*] Tieves, tieves, tieves, begar.

Jord.

Jord. Hark, they cry Thieves.

Jord. and *Jaq.* Euh.

Jorden is going out in haste, Jaques enters, runs against him, and almost beats him backward.

Jord. Villain, hadst thou a mind to be the death of a *Mamamouchi*?

Jaq. O me beg te pardon. But me come to tell you of Teives, Rogues, you be rob, rob of your gold, rob of your money.

Jord. and *Cur.* Rob'd?

Jaq. Me had te occasion to go into your Shambré, and me find your chest, your iron chest open, noting witin, all gone, gone.

Jord. No Cabinet? no Gold?

Jaq. No, no Cabinet, no Gold, no Money, noting at all, all gone, all gone. *Jord.* Find out the Thief, or you are he.

Jaq. Teif, teif, jernè Frenchman and Teif, begar find out te Teif your self, ho, ho.

Jord. Ah good *Jack*, good Mr. *Jack*, find out the Thief has stole the Cabinet, the Jewels, my Princess Jewels.

Jaq. O ho den Maître *Jaques* be no Tief.

Jord. No, run, run, cry stop Thief, stop Thief.

[Runs up and down the Stage.]

Clev. *Cassa molou.*

[Cleverwit speaks to him.]

Jord. Oh rob'd, rob'd, rob'd of my Princess Jewels: Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Enter Young Jorden.

Y. Jord. Oh, Sir, undone, undone.

Jord. Aye, undone, undone, the Cabinet, the Jewels.

Y. Jord. My Sister, Sir. *Jord.* No, no, she has 'em not.

Y. Jord. Is stole, is gone.

Jord. Aye, aye, they are stole, and gone, quite gone.

Y. Jord. Aye, Sir, my Sister is stole, my Sister is gone.

Jord. You Sister gone too!

Y. Jord. Aye, Sir, gone away, run away, stole away.

Jord. O unfortunate *Mamamouchi*! lose my gold, lose my daughter, and now the Jewels are lost, I shall lose my Princess too. Oh undone, undone. *Cur.* Alas, alas!

Y. Jord. She left this note on her Table to let you know she could not like the great Turk so well as another, you once approv'd of for her husband, and to avoid the marriage, is fled away into the arms of one will this night make her his Wife.

Jord. Oh, undone, undone, undone. *Cur.* Have patience, Sir.

Jord. Now shall not I be carryed into *Turkey*, but remain a sneaking *Mamamouchi* here in *England*.

Enter

Enter Trickmore.

Trick. What is your daughter gone?

Jord. Aye, Sir, the baggage just as she was to have been the the great Turk, is run away.

Trick. She is but at the next house, I saw her led in by a man muffled in a Cloak.

Y. Jord. I'll follow, and prevent the dishonour of our Family.

[Exit Young Jorden.]

Jord. Bring the baggage home. Cur. A fortunate discovery.

Jord. Pray tell his greatness, that this Gentleman is my special friend, and a person of much worth, and one that is ambitious of his smiles. Now you shall hear how he'll answer you.

Trick. *Alabala crociam, acciboram alabamen.*

Clev. *Cutalegni tubal ourin soter amalouchen.* Jord. Loe you there.

Trick. He says, may the rain of prosperity always besprinkle the Garden of your Family. Jord. There's for you.

Enter Young Jorden, Lucia, Jaques.

Cur. Fine, indeed.

Y. Jord. Nay, I must deliver you into the hands of my Father: There, Sir, and now I'll send the Thief after her to you. Come Jaques.

[Exeunt Young Jorden and Jaques.]

Jord. Ah graceless Girl!

Cur. Why, Madam, do you so ill requite a Father that is so provident for your good, and seeks to dispose of you with so much advantage: see what a glorious husband here stands ready for you.

Luc. I pursued but mine own inclinations, he once approv'd of Sir Simon for his Son-in-Law.

Jord. Ha! was he the man? he's a pockey beggarly Knight. Come give me your hand, I will dispose of you to more advantage, the grand Seignior does me the honour to demand you in marriage. Come, come near: immortal glory crown your nuptials. Luc. Ah, Sir.

Jord. Go too, give him your hand. Luc. Marry a Turk?

Jord. Yes, the great Turk. Luc. Not I. Jord. I'll see it done.

Luc. No, Sir, you have no power to force me to take any man but Sir Simon for my Husband.

Jord. Do't, or the breath of a Mamamouchi shall blast thee; do't, or may never the Rain of prosperity besprinkle thy Grains plat.

Cur. Be obedient to your Father. Luc. In any thing but this.

Jord. In this, or I'll send you beyond Sea to a Nunnery.

Cur. Use no violence.

Luc. Rather let me dye than prove false to Sir Simon.

Jord. Take her hence, and let her be lock'd up all night in the Cellar, I'll pack her beyond Sea to morrow.

K

Luc.

Luc. Ah, Sir, I'll do any thing rather than go to a Nunnery, that were to be buried alive.

Jord. So then, down on your marrow-bones, ask him forgiveness for running away. Sir, I beseech you to tell him. [*To Trickmore.*

Trick. Not that she fled away from his love: I'll tell him, she prostitutes her self before him to know if he thinks her worthy to be his Sultana. *Jord.* Pray do. *Trick.* *Bolac alim oustin malaf astri.*

Clev. *Boloma taffi.* *Trick.* She shall be the Glove to his right hand.

Jord. Ah, ha. *Clev.* *Elcan allboim.*

Trick. The Rose-bud in his Nose-gay. *Jord.* Ha, ha.

Clev. *Malta baraban.* *Trick.* The plum in his broth. *Cur.* Pretty.

Clev. *Croustan meli.*

Trick. The crust to his bread: (which the Turks love wonderfully.) *Clev.* *Tartof anachi.* *Trick.* A Jewel to wear at his heart.

Cur. Brave! *Jord.* Is it not? *Clev.* *Straca taffi.*

Trick. The Joy of his soul. *Clev.* *Hulalli, hulalli.*

2 *Derv.* *Hulalli, hulalli, hulalli.*

[*Cleverwit throws his handkerchief in Lucia's bosom.*

Trick. His bed-fellow, his bed-fellow, his bed-fellow. Madam, you must veil your face with that handkerchief, and suffer your self to be led by these Dervises to the Mufti who are prepar'd for the Ceremonies of the Marriage. *Jord.* Is it not a pretty Language?

Cur. Full of very obliging Phrases.

[*The two Dervises lead out Lucia veiled with the handkerchief.*

Enter Sir Simon guarded, Jaques, Boy with the Cabinet.

Jaq. Allonz Teif, come along and be hang'd.

Sir Sim. What a Devil do ye haul me, as if I had stole the money.

Jord. Stole it? pray how came your worship by it else?

Sir Sim. I came honourably by it.

Jord. And you shall as honourably be hang'd for it.

Sir Sim. Be hang'd for receiving money?

Jord. The Receiver is, as bad as the Thief. Bear witness, that will hang him. *Sir Sim.* I receiv'd it as my wifes portion.

Cur. A cunning piece of policy, rob you of Gold and Jewels, run away with your Daughter, and being taken, say he receiv'd it as her Portion.

Jord. That excuse will not do, he stole both it, and my Daughter too.

Sir Sim. Daughter! what Daughter did I steal?

Jord. Nay, she's not far off. *Sir Sim.* Aye, let me hear her say it.

Jord. It's no matter whether she says it or no, she was found in the house where you was.

Sir Sim. What's that to me, she might follow me for ought I know.

Jord. That's a cunning excuse, follow you?

Sir Sim. She's not so modest a woman, but that she might——
Ask him there else. [Pointing to Trickmore.

Jord. My Daughter not modest?

Trick. As any woman in Town for any thing that I can say.

Sir Sim. aside] He'l not be known he told me, Well, if he won't say it, I know others that will; and if all be true is said, I am not the first man she has followed.

Cur. 'Tis ungenerous, *Sir Simon*, now you cannot have the Lady to defame her.

Jord. That is malice: if she followed you, did that Cabinet with the gold and Jewels follow you too?

Sir Sim. But she that had 'em did.

Jord. Cunning knave, he thinks to escape by laying the Theft on my Daughter still.

Sir Sim. What do you tell me of your Daughter still? ask that man if it did not follow me, now you go to that.

Trick. Ask me?

Sir Sim. Did not a Lady come running after us?

Trick. After who? *Sir Sim.* You and I. *Trick.* When?

Sir Sim. A little while ago. *Trick.* Where?

Sir Sim. In the street. *Trick.* Not as I know.

Sir Sim. Why? was not you and I together when a Lady came and beg'd our protection? *Trick.* You amaze me! what Lady was it?

Sir Sim. She that told us the story of her Uncle that would have sold her, and how she escap'd. *Trick.* What means he?

Jord. Loe you there. *Trick.* I ne'er saw you in my life till just now.

Sir Sim. Hye-day, hye-day.

Trick. Sure he is dreaming of Romances.

Jord. Or else he is mad.

Cur. He is indeed much troubled with melancholy fancies, and melancholy is a sort of madness, that will be his best plea before a Judge.

Sir Sim. I thank you Mr. Quack, you'll be sure to speak for your Patient, you play'd fine Pranks with me to day.

Jord. Come, Sir Knight; speak to the purpose: what is this to the Gentlewoman that followed you with the Cabinet?

Sir Sim. And what is the Gentlewoman to you? J

Jord. Yes, she is something to me.

Sir Sim. What? because you bought her of her Uncle for half her portion? *Jord.* What means he now?

Sir Sim. And this night he was to force her to marry you?

Jord. He grows mad, stark mad.

Sir Sim. You will be so anon, when you know she is the Lady I have married, and that it was she gave me this Cabinet.

Trick. Can you guess what he would be at?

Jord. Not in the least, I know nothing of any Marriage, Uncle, or any thing like it. *Cur.* Pray where is this Lady wife you talk of?

Sir Sim. She was too cunning for you, she slipt out at the back door, but if you find her, you'll be ne'er the better, I assure you, ha, ha, he. We are married, she is my wife now, and so pray set your hearts at rest.

Jord. This is all but fiction; but we have proof enough to hang him.

Enter Betty Trickmore.

Sir Sim. Here she comes that will clear all. *Jord.* My dear Princess!

Cur. See she's displeas'd with you.

Jord. There is much of Majesty in her frowns.

B. Trick. Ungrateful man, false and unconstant!

Jord. Ah Sovereign Lady of my soul!

B. Trick. Unworthy me, and my love.

Jord. On his knees, behold your *Mamamouchi* falls.

B. Trick. My dear Knight, my dear *Sir Simon*, have I found you?

Jord. Hau.

Sir S. m. My bosom shall be your Sanctuary, and my arms magick Circles to keep thee here for ever; love shall be the sweet enchantment of our souls.

Jord. My Princess is grown very loving, sure she mistakes her man.

Sir Sim. My dear bride, my dear wife, I've been at such a loss for want of thy presence. *Jord.* How is that? his Wife!

Trick. It may be this is the Lady he has married.

Jord. That is my Princess: away with him, if he has married her I'll hang him, because it is the speediest and surest Divorce can be had.

B. Trick. No, malicious man: this Cabinet is mine. I took it out of your custody, as unworthy to keep any thing that belong'd to a Princess: The Key your servant gave me when you cast your skin.

Sir Sim. A Princess!

Trick. You see your fortune.

[Exit Trickmore.]

Jord. Am I then depriv'd of my love, a Princess and revenge at once? Here comes *Marina*, I'll be content with my leavings, and marry her presently.

Enter Young Jorden and Marina.

You come opportunely, *Mrs. Marina*, for in spite of that Princess there, I will make thee a *Mamamoucha*. *Mar.* What is that, Sir?

Jord. Thou shalt be my Wife. *Mar.* I am your Daughter, Sir.

Y. Jord. I thought my self concerned to repair the Injuries you had done her. I wanted nothing before to gain her Fathers consent, but an estate, and your bounty supplied me with that.

Jord. Depriv'd of *Marina* too!

Y. Jord. Our business now was to ask you blessing.

Jord.

Jord. A blessing without an estate is but a name, and you had that beforehand : Well, my comfort is I am a *Mamamouchi*.

Enter *Cleverwit*, *Trickmore*, *Lucia*, *Attendants*.

Trick. Sir, the Marriage is concluded, the Sultan is your Son-in-Law.

Jord. They were very eager, married before I come.

Trick. They come now to ask your blessing, which the Turks do by bowing.

Jord. Princess, pine at my glory : behold me Father to the Grand Seignior, and the worlds greatest Emperour bows to me. Love and conquest crown your lives.

Clev. Your Son-in-Law but no Sultan, thanks you.

Cleverwit bowing low lets fall his Turbant, and beard ; then stands up and is discovered.

Jord. How ! Mr. *Cleverwit* ?

Clev. The same, Sir, I am no Turk great or little.

Jord. Am I no *Mamamouchi* then ? *Sir Sim.* and *B. Trick.* Ha, ha, he.

Jord. Friend, Mr. Doctor, what shall I say ? must I be content with a pittifull Knighthood at last ?

T. Jord. You'll find your self defeated there too : for, him you take for a favourite at Court, and a Doctor, is neither favourite nor Doctor ; but one instructed and employed by me to work upon your *Capricio* of setting up for a Gentleman, thereby to supply my own necessities, and by the event to bring you to see the vanity of your extravagancy.

Clev. This is certain truth, Sir. *Jord.* No Doctor ? *Cur.* No, Sir.

Jord. Avoid Satan, thou art then the Devil.

T. Jord. No, Sir, he is onward on his way, he is a Mountebanck, and may in time take his degree, as most of them do.

Cur. I have an excellent cure for your corns, powders for the teeth, ointments for the itch, plaisters for byles, and so forth.

Sir Sim. Save you Mr. Doctor : save you Illustrious *Mamamouchi*, ha, ha, he.

Jord. Well, I am vexed at nothing so much, as his getting my Princess ; and could I be reveng'd of him for that. and his insolent insulting —

Trick. Well, Sir, now come I in with my discovery ; and to gain your pardon for taking on me to be a Fencer to prevent your going to *Sir Simon* : and also my pretending to be a *Normich* Merchant to forestal *Sir Simon*'s address to *Mrs. Lucia*, I will change the Scene of *Sir Simon*'s mirth, and let him know, that his Princess will not disdain to call me brother, and is by occupation a Sempstress.

Sir Sim. Another turn yet ?

Jord. I give you joy, Sir, ha, ha, ha, joy of your Princess, ha, ha, ha ; *bula baba la chou.*

[*Sings and dances.*

Sic

Sir Sim. Where is the Cabinet, the gold and Jewels?

B. Trick. Lafs, Sir, they are none of mine.

Clev. The Jewels, and part of the gold I seize on as mine.

Y. Jord. And the rest is mine, only lent to carry on the design of her personating a Princess. *Sir Sim.* No portion then?

B. Trick. My Dowry is my brain.

Trick. Wit without money has long been the inheritance of our Family, and yours, *Sir Simon*, is a Family that has money without wit; 'tis a proper Marriage for you, and both our houses will be much the better for it hereafter.

Jord. Lord! *Sir Simon*, what luck had you to get my Princess from me, ha, ha, he, you'll have God knows what with her, ha, ha, he; you'll ne'er be able to count her portion, ha, ha, he.

Sir Sim. This Town produces nothing but wonders.

B. Trick. And one was, that I should be fond of you, *Sir Simon*.

Y. Jord. Bear it with fortitude, *Sir Simon*, such misfortunes sometimes befall Knights errants.

Clev. I ride the hind horse, I married but your Ladies Damsel; this is the maid that carried the luggage.

Sir Sim. I am sorry for nothing so much as the loss of that, for it spoils half the conceit of a good subject for a Romance.

Y. Jord. But the turn of it makes it fitter for a Comedy in these days, and that is much better, for the Knight and the Damsel still shake hands at the end of the intrigue.

Jord. Save you, *Sir Knight errant*, much joy to you and the Lady of your adventures, ha, ha, he.

Sir Sim. Laugh on Sir, 'tis your turn now. Well, Lady Wife, and Brother-in-Law I embrace you both: I'll down to morrow into *Sussex* where you shall be welcome: there people either have more honesty, or less wit: we have no cheating there, but with Lords and Jockies at Horse-races, and Ladies at Cards.

Jord. And you, *Sir Simon*, have got one will match the best, if she holds on as she begins, ha, ha, he; Sir, I doubt not but she'll improve upon your hand, ha, ha, he.

Y. Jord. I am glad, Sir, you lay things no more to heart, if you please to make up the money, *Mr. Cleverwit* has of mine in the Cabinet, a convenient Portion for my Sister, I'll restore to you one half of your estate.

Jord. Well tho' now I affect not much to play the Gentleman, yet in this last act to cross Fortune, I will shew my self a Gentleman: *Mr. Cleverwit* I'll do it.

Clev. I thank you Sir:

To reclaim some men from their extravagances,

We

We must appear indulgent to their humours,
 And push them forward to undertakings
 Yet more indiscreet, that rais'd high in hopes
 They may from the unexpected events
 Be convinc'd of their follies.

For, fools are obstinate to good advice;
 Experience, and not precept makes them wise.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

From the Court party we hope no success,
 Our Author is not one of the Nobleß,
 That bravely does maintain his Miff in Town,
 Whilst my great Lady is with speed sent down,
 And forc'd in Country Mansion house to fix;
 That Miff may rattle here in Coach and six.
 If one of these the Author was, perchance
 You'd joyn your int'rest, and the Play advance:
 For tho' you great ones and you Courtiers be
 Not o'er good natur'd, you've Civilitie.

Nor is he one you call a Town-Gallant,
 Who for fine cloaths does seldom money want:
 But drives at cheaper rates the sinful trade,
 Seduces Wives, sometimes a Chamber-maid:
 That at Jero's or Satt'lins goes to dinner;
 And thence repairs to th' Play to meet a sinner:
 And here with Burgundy and brisk Sablée
 Inspir'd, with vizard-Masque holds repartée.
 After the Play in jousting Hack he goes,
 Where his companions have their Rendezvous.
 In pairs they meet, and Ala mode of France
 They sup, they have the fiddles too and dance:
 Tow'rd morning, when they think of going home,
 Each Gallant on a Couch in the next room,
 In's turn takes gentle solace with his Punk;
 Drops her a Guinney, and sends her home half drunk.
 All of that Gang by this confession too
 Are lost. Ladies, our Author trusts in you.

He

He is a man as modest for his age,
 As most you've seen, who know him dare engage }
 That he has kept 'till now his pusillage.
 But alas! the world to that past is grown,
 The modish women are asham'd to own
 A sober man: to like his Play will be,
 As great a scandal as his companie.
 For he observes, and it is very true,
 That modesty's not much approv'd in you.
 And is of late so out of fashion grown,
 She that is honest scarcely dares it own.
 But does, howe'er her mind affected is,
 Put on the brisk gay carriage of a Miss.
 But Ladies, hope the Poet one day may }
 Converted be; for he that writes a Play,
 If not debauch'd, yet is in a fair way.
 To gain your favours he resolves to be
 In all the Town the greatest debauché:
 And in a very little time may grow
 Debauch'd enough to be asham'd of you.

FINIS.

